

# The Sketch

No. 1021,—Vol. LXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1912.

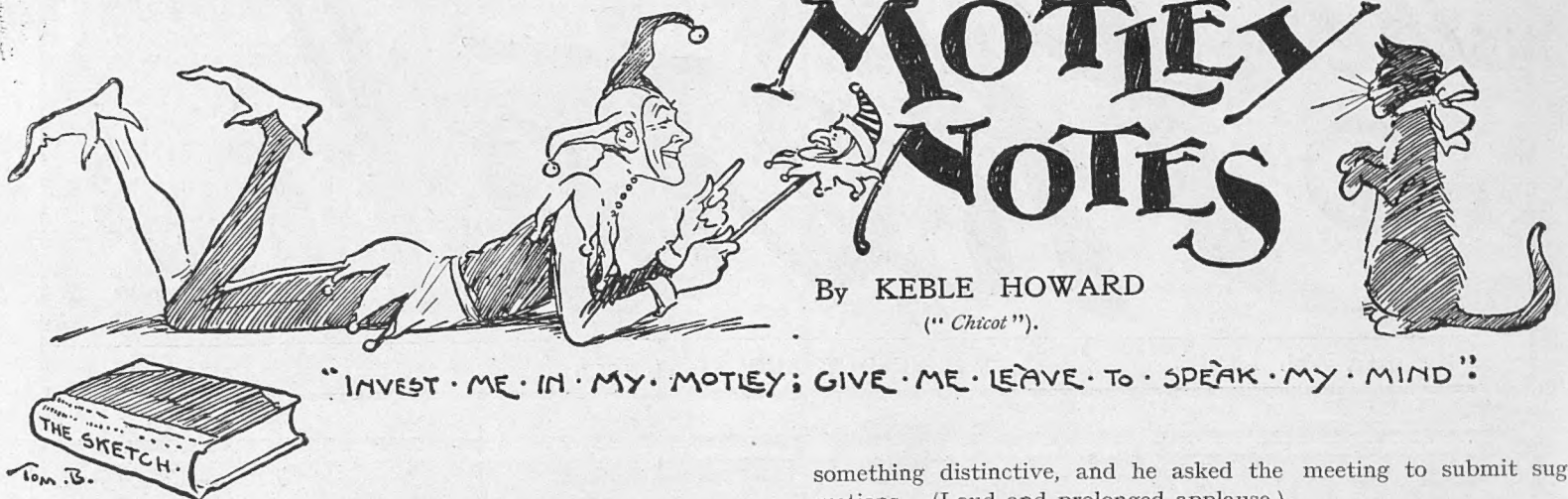
SIXPENCE.



IN ONE OF HER LESS LANGUOROUS MOMENTS: THE LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER—MLLE. BROQUEDIS, OF FRANCE.

Mlle. Broquedis, of France, won the gold medal in the Ladies' Singles at the recent Olympic Games, beating Fräulein Koring, of Germany. Describing the event, the "Sportsman" said: "The Frenchwoman was inclined to be too languorous in her play at the beginning of the match, and Gallic grace failed against German tenacity, the first set going to Fräulein Koring at 6-4. In the second set the German lady showed signs of distress, occasioned by the heat, and was beaten 6-3. The deciding set was keenly fought. One all, two all, and three all were called, and then Mlle. Broquedis made headway by taking the seventh and eighth games. Fräulein Koring captured the ninth game, but the tenth was the property of Mlle. Broquedis, and the match was hers." The famous French player is here "snapped" in one of her less languorous moments!





MERRY MUDBAY (A GUIDE TO).  
MUDBAY TO-DAY.

*Ah, beauteous Mudbay! When I stand  
Alone, at midday, on thy silver strand,  
And watch the seagulls fly  
Across the azure sky,  
And dig my thoughtful stick into thy sand—  
Then, Mudbay, then I steep  
My soul in solitude, and keep  
On saying, "Sleep, little township, sleep."*

HOW could we approach the subject of Mudbay as she is to-day more appropriately than by quoting the above beautiful lines (also from the gifted pen of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Councillor Dunning)? Here, in a trice, the poet sets before you the main attraction of Mudbay. It is not the busy mart, not the thunderous life of the railway station, not even the new headquarters of the M.Y.M.U.E.S.

No! The great charm of Mudbay lies in her restfulness, her solitude, her aloofness from all that constitutes the nerve-racking world of the twentieth century. It is quite possible—the editors of this volume hold themselves responsible for the truth of the statement—to spend the whole morning, afternoon, and evening upon the beach at Mudbay without seeing another living thing (except, perhaps, the seagulls referred to by the poet).

Yes! Let others boast of their trips by sea and land, their troupes of minstrels, their picture-palaces, their huge hotels, their throngs of visitors. Mudbay is not for those in search of such garish attractions. It is rather for the man—or the woman—who desires utter loneliness. It has been said that whilst two is company, three is a crowd. In Mudbay, two is a crowd. Nothing pleases us more—and when we say "we," we bracket ourselves with all those who have the true welfare of the township at heart—nothing, we repeat, pleases us more than to see the beach and the promenade sparsely dotted with solitary figures, not less than three hundred yards apart.

We do not seek to attract the idle chatterer, the boisterous youth, the giddy maiden, the teasing child. For us, each and every time, the lonely thinker. It is true that we have in our midst some who are comparatively young in years, but the spirit of the township, fortunately, has descended upon them, and they do not run, jump, sing, dance, laugh, or otherwise disturb the serenity of Mudbay.

WHY "MERRY."

The flippant and the shallow may be inclined to ask, "Why, then, couple the name of Mudbay with the alliterative adjective 'merry'?" We hasten to assure such questioners that this step was not taken without very careful deliberation. Indeed, a special meeting of the Town Council was called to decide the point, and the following extract from the report of the meeting in a local paper may prove interesting:—

THE CHAIRMAN (Sir Joseph Alexander Toller) having read the notice convening the meeting, explained his views on the subject at some length. Whilst realising the necessity of preserving that tranquillity and aloofness from the world for which Mudbay had always been noted (Hear, hear), he desired to point out that every other seaside place in the kingdom of any consequence had its own especial epithet. Even Sludgmouth, just round the corner, had arrogated to itself the adjective "salubrious." (Loud laughter.) He had heard other, and perhaps more appropriate, words suggested. (Renewed laughter, in which the Chairman joined.) However, the point was that it was felt in Mudbay that the town should be called

something distinctive, and he asked the meeting to submit suggestions. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

COUNCILLOR DUNNING, who was accorded a generous reception, desired to remind the meeting that Mudbay had always been steeped in a literary atmosphere (Hear, hear), and he hoped that that fact would be borne in mind when the desired epithet was selected. He had no desire to force his own opinions on the meeting (Cries of "Yes, yes!") but, since his fellow-townsmen pressed him to do so, he would suggest "Miltonic" as being a good word—alliterative, allusive, and original.

COUNCILLOR GEELING took strong exception to the word "Miltonic." It might mean something ("Oh, oh," and some disturbance), but he, for his part, did not know what it meant ("Shame!"), and he doubted very much whether the last speaker himself knew what it meant. (Uproar, and cries of "Withdraw!" "Turn him out!")

COUNCILLOR DUNNING said he rose to a point of order. He had never suggested that his suggestion would appeal to the uneducated. (Uproar.)

COUNCILLOR GEELING said that he had not come there to be insulted by an old fool with a bee in his bonnet. (Further uproar, during which the two members of the Council were observed to be shaking their fists at each other.)

THE CHAIRMAN, interposing, begged that the meeting might be conducted without heat. He called upon Councillor Geeling to apologise to Councillor Dunning for his unparliamentary language.

COUNCILLOR GEELING replied that he would see the whole meeting in Hull first. Everybody knew that Dunning was a crazy old goat—

COUNCILLOR DUNNING: You will find that he is a goat who can butt, Sir!

COUNCILLOR GEELING: Come outside, then, and I'll knock the stuffing out of you!

THE CHAIRMAN, making himself heard above the clamour with great difficulty, called upon Councillor Meddle to put forward a suggestion.

COUNCILLOR MEDDLE said that he hoped the meeting would pass off amicably. He had the greatest respect for Councillor Dunning (Applause), and also for Councillor Geeling. (Applause.) Both were men that the town was proud of. By calling, one was a printer and the other a baker, but, in their souls, one was a poet and the other an archæologist. (Fervent applause.) With the Chairman's permission, he would ask them to shake hands.

(This was at once done, both Councillors being observed to brush tears from their eyes as they returned to their seats.)

COUNCILLOR MEDDLE, continuing, reminded the meeting that they required a word that would be easily understood by everybody, man, woman, and child. (Applause.) It must also be a word that would be appropriate all the year round. (Hear, hear.) It should be a short word. (Bravo!) It should be a dignified and yet a hopeful word. (Cries of "Give it us!") In conclusion, he would suggest the word "Merry."

COUNCILLOR JORDAN begged to second that.

The motion being put to the meeting, twenty-seven were in favour of it and three against. The motion was therefore declared carried.

THE HIGH STREET.

The High Street, the principal thoroughfare of Mudbay, is paved from end to end, and lighted, in the winter months (December and January) with gas. At the northern end of it stands the remains of THE OLD TOLL-BAR, which is well worth a visit. The keys may be obtained on Tuesdays and Fridays at the cottage opposite. The custodian will expect some slight pecuniary reward for leaving her wash-tub.



## BETTER THAN N.W. MANCHESTER: ON THE MOORS BY WALLA CRAG.



1. WHERE THE RETRIEVER IS TOP DOG: PICKING UP THE BIRDS.

2. LIKE GREASED—AND FEATHERED—LIGHTNING: BIRDS COMING OVER THE BUTTS.

3. ON THE MOORS ABOVE WALLA CRAG, DERWENTWATER: LADY HAWORTH AND MR. HORNBY.

4. WITH SIR GEORGE KEMP'S GUESTS FOR THE GROUSE-SHOOTING: A LUNCHEON PARTY.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Kemp was elected for North-West Manchester in January and December 1910, and his retirement left the way open for the recent Unionist victory in that vacillating constituency. He is the son of the late Mr. George Tawke Kemp, of Beechwood, Rochdale, was educated at Shrewsbury and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is a Director of Messrs. Kelsall and Kemp, Ltd., flannel-manufacturers. In 1895 he was a Private Secretary to the Secretary of the Admiralty. He saw active service in South Africa. In 1896 he married Lady Beatrice Mary Egerton, daughter of the third Earl of Ellesmere. His knighthood dates from 1909. In the luncheon-party group are (on the left) Mr. J. L. Bell, Mr. R. P. Hornby, Mr. L. H. Gay, and Sir A. Haworth; (on the other side of the table) Sir George Kemp, Miss Haworth, Lady Haworth, Lady Beatrice Kemp, Mrs. Watson, and Mr. Watson.—[Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.]



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO —



MULAI HAFID—FOR RETIRING ON £14,000 A YEAR AND £16,000 DOWN; AND SCATTERING MONEY.

*Photograph by Nouvelle.*



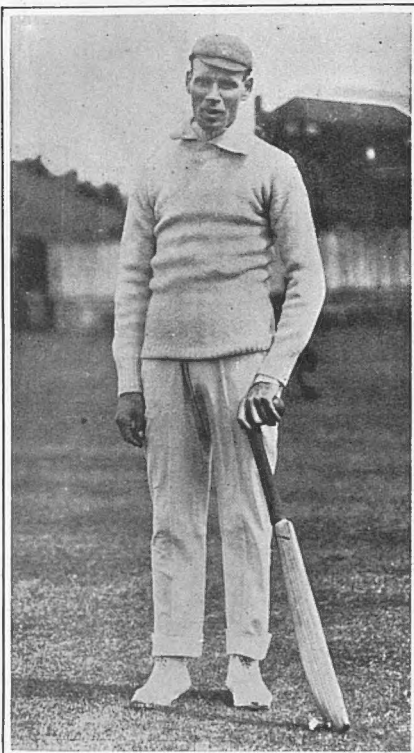
KING FERDINAND OF BULGARIA—FOR HAVING BEEN RULER FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AND SEEN HIS PRINCIPALITY BECOME A PROGRESSIVE KINGDOM.

*Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.*



MRS. J. J. ASTOR—FOR GIVING BIRTH TO A 3,000,000 DOLLAR BABY SON AND DOING WELL.

*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*



SYDNEY F. BARNES—FOR TAKING THIRTEEN WICKETS FOR FIFTY-SEVEN RUNS.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



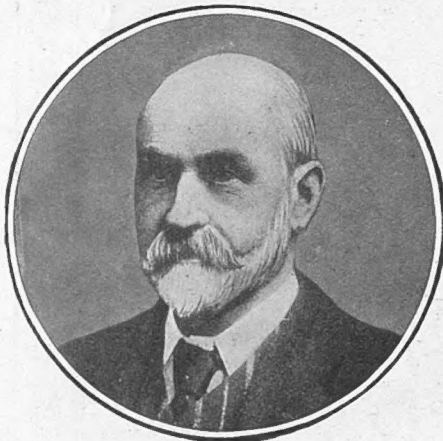
THE RT. HON. LOUIS BOTHA—FOR BECOMING A GENERAL IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

*Photograph by Langflier.*



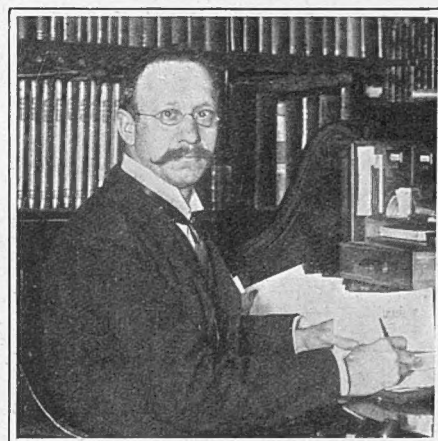
WILFRID RHODES—FOR LONG TRAMPS AND FOR 176 AGAINST NOTTS.

*Photograph supplied by Topical.*



SIR GEORGE RITCHIE—FOR BEING MR. CHURCHILL'S "MY DEAR SIR GEORGE."

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



MR. JOSEPH HEPWORTH—FOR ORGANISING A CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING OF DEAF GOLFERS.



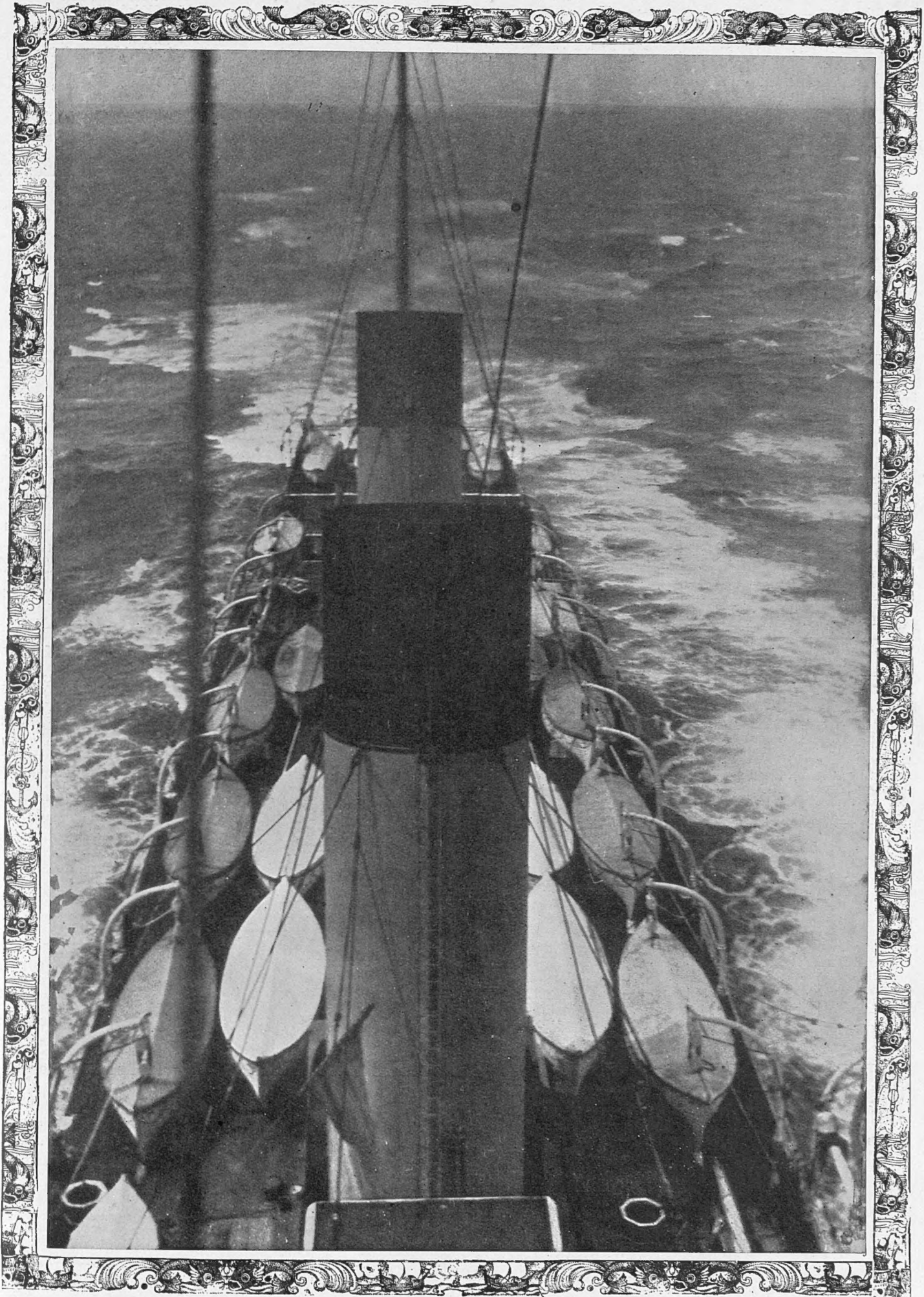
SIR ERNEST CASSEL—FOR HIRING THE LINER "YPIRANGA" AS A YACHT.

*Photograph by Ellis and Watery.*

The ex-Sultan of Morocco marked his retirement—on the French ratepayers' money—by scattering much gold in France the other day during his first outing at Marseilles.—Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha formally assumed the government of the Principality of Bulgaria on Aug. 15, 1887. In 1911 he took the title "King."—Mrs. Madeline Forcé Astor, widow of Colonel John Jacob Astor, who died so pluckily in the "Titanic" disaster, gave birth to a son the other day, an infant the Americans are calling characteristically "the 3,000,000 dollar baby."—Barnes, bowling for England in the Test Match against South Africa, took thirteen wickets for 57, a feat unequalled in International cricket.—The King has appointed that famous South African fighter, the Rt. Hon. Louis Botha, an honorary General in the Army. General Botha is Premier and Minister of Agriculture of the Union of South Africa. Twelve years ago he was Commandant-General of the Boer Forces warring against this country.—Rhodes, who made 176 against Notts the other day, had a strenuous time in the Test Match against South Africa. Fielding, he was at deep mid-on; from this he had to go 100 yards to the big score board; then 60 or 70 yards to very deep mid-on; then to the pavilion end again, over 100 yards.—Mr. Winston Churchill's latest "Home Rule" letter in reply to Mr. Bonar Law was addressed to Sir George Ritchie, President of the Dundee Liberal Association. Therefore, you are bidden to "keep your eye on Dundee."—Mr. Hepworth, of 25, Windsor Place, Cardiff, Editor of the "British Deaf Times" is endeavouring to arrange a championship meeting for deaf golfers.



## BRISTLING WITH BOATS: A WHITE STAR FROM ALOFT.



SHOWING THE BOAT ACCOMMODATION: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "MAJESTIC" AT SEA.

The photograph was taken at considerable personal risk to the man behind the camera, for a gale of wind was blowing at the time. It gives an excellent, novel idea of the "Majestic's" boat accommodation.



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Smooth **FOX TERRIERS, SCOTCH TERRIERS**, 4 gns.; Pups, 2 gns. Grovend,  
Harrow. Tel. 423.**THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.**

**M**R. ALLAN AYNESWORTH'S essay in management at the  
New Theatre has begun in a way which promises at any  
rate a financial success. The enthusiasm of a first-night  
audience was not tempered by any sound of dissent. American  
detectives swooped valiantly upon a notorious forger and a young  
man who was drawn unwillingly into his net. Revolvers flashed  
and hands went up and handcuffs snapped round wrists, and simple  
but highly acceptable little tricks baffled the minions of the law  
("criminions" is the obvious word in such a case). There was  
much exciting discussion of gold-mines and cheques and thousand-  
dollar notes. Mr. Aynesworth was a most distinguished and self-  
possessed forger, with an attractive slyness in the twinkle of his eye.  
Mr. Kenneth Douglas was a pleasantly humorous young speculator  
reduced to the last quarter-dollar, which remained faithful to him  
throughout the play. Mr. Franklyn Roberts was all that we had  
heard of the ways of American detectives; and everything ended  
happily with the discovery of a reef of gold, and the union of Mr.  
Douglas with the beautiful maiden, who was Miss Hilda Antony.  
Were it not the middle of August, one might reflect that the American  
drama is as touching as ever in its simple faith in theatrical tricks  
and appeals to the elementary taste for melodrama; and that it  
still describes antiquated farce as original comedy. But, after all,  
it is the middle of August, and this farce was illumined by occasional  
welcome flashes of ingenuity, and, as we have said, the enthusiasm  
was great. So all is well.

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# THE CLUBMAN

HAPPY IN SPITE OF THE WEATHER; HOW THEY ENJOY LIFE ON THE FRENCH COAST.

## How to be Chilly and Happy.

I am trying on the French side of the Channel to solve the August problem of how to be happy when winter has changed places with summer. The impressionable French feel the depressing effect of bad weather more than we do, and "*Quel vilain temps!*"—the usual greeting—is spoken with a depth of feeling that we English never put into our remarks anent the weather. But towards the evening a Frenchman always recovers his good spirits, and the ladies and men whom I see at the theatre, and in the *petits chevaux* room, and the baccarat club of the Casino, all seem to have forgotten the cold and to be enjoying life thoroughly.

## A Big Picardy Village.

How many inhabitants and visitors this over-grown village in Picardy contains just now I do not exactly know, but fewer, I am sure, than are to be found at Bognor or Worthing. Yet the amusements of an ordinary week here are far better organised, and have more variety than those of any week at the towns I have named, or any other British seaside place of a like size. At the present time Gemier and his company, from the Théâtre Antoine, have pitched their big theatre tent in a meadow just across the road from the Casino, and are playing, "*Les Petits*" and "*Sherlock Holmes*"—which all the company pronounce "*Olms*"—and other plays of their repertoire, with Parisian finish and smoothness, while Tarrède is at the Casino theatre in the amusing "*Pour Vivre Heureux*." A *chansonnier*, with a Polish *danseuse* and his wife to assist him, gives an entertainment at the small Casino (for the town boasts two), and the programme of the Kursaal—the third place of entertainment—oscillates between variety and cinematograph shows.

## The Théâtre National Ambulant.

Though the Baccarat Club and the *petits chevaux* rooms may contribute towards the expenses of the theatres of the two Casinos, they certainly do not assist Gemier and his Théâtre National Ambulant in any way. He is a free lance, and his tour pays because every Frenchman and French-

woman can always find the money to pay for a seat at the theatre when there is first-class acting to be seen. And Gemier gives them that. His tent, a huge one with striped canvas walls outside, and hangings of cloth, crushed-strawberry in colour, within, rises on a piece of waste land, or on a meadow hired for a day or two, and becomes, within twelve hours, a complete theatre with boarded floor, and boxes, and a raised gallery. There are comfortable dressing-rooms for the company, and the stage is large enough to allow quite elaborate scenic

effects to be produced, while all the properties and furniture are reproductions of those used at the Antoine. The men in dress-clothes at the desk facing the entrance, the firemen in their metal helmets, the *ouvreuses*, are all after the Parisian model, and this theatre, which travels in a score of caravan wagons, carrying its own electric-light installation, brings the essence of Paris into the heart of the provinces.

## Many Excitements.

Last Sunday there were religious fêtes with a procession of little girls and boys, representing saints, and many banners and the band of a local fire brigade; there was a rat-killing competition for local terriers; and prizes were offered for the best sand-castle dug in the sand, the parents of the competing children being allowed to assist their offspring, and the outside public doing its share in shouting advice to the fat fathers and mothers, who perspired, in spite of a chilling wind and occasional showers, as they dug fiercely with little wooden spades in the wet sand.

There was also a kite-flying competition; and a choir from a neighbouring town alternated their vocal music with that of the string orchestra, which makes music at intervals all through the afternoon and evening in the Casino gardens.

## The Arrival of the Papers.

The arrival of the morning papers in the centre of the town, where the lines of two tramways cross and where the two principal cafés look slantwise at each other, is an event which is treated as though it were the finish of a race. The old gentlemen and the servants waiting to buy papers sit at the tables of the cafés, or stand under

the shelter of neighbouring porches. The hawkers of papers, with *Le Matin*, *Le Journal*, and *New York Herald* on their caps, stand in the road and chatter. At a few minutes to eleven the hawker with *Le Matin* on his cap stops talking and looks down the road which leads to the station. "*C'est Le Matin qui arrive!*" he shouts, and the other hawkers and boys and

loafers take up the cry. The old gentlemen become mildly excited, the *bonnes* look up and down the street, the *chasseurs* tell each other that he is coming. Down the street on a motor-bicycle comes the man who carries the bundle of *Matin* papers, and he shouts as he comes. He hurls his fat bundle to the *Matin* hawker and pulls up fifty yards further on. The *Matin* hawker and his ragged assistants yell the title of the paper, and have the field to themselves for a minute or two, when the *Journal* man, on an ordinary bicycle, appears, and the yells increase.



DINGHY AND PUNT IN ONE: A NEW THAMES CRAFT.

This dinghy-punt is the invention of Mr. Walter Hammerton. It can be punted as fast as an ordinary punt, and can be rowed faster than a dinghy.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



NOT AT BARKING! IN THE GROUNDS OF THE DOGS' HOSTEL AT STRAWBERRY VALE, EAST FINCHLEY.

A hostel for pets has been opened at Strawberry Vale, East Finchley, that dogs may have a country holiday and a health-giving romp in the fresh air. At present the hostel is full of visitors—some fifty dogs of all sizes and kinds.—[Photograph by Partridge's Pictorial Press.]





# SMALL TALK



NEGROES OF AN ALL-BLACK CREW DRESSED BRITISH TAR FASHION: MEN OF THE AMERICAN YACHT "IVY," AT COWES.

The "Ivy," an American steam-yacht, has a crew composed entirely of negroes dressed after the fashion of the British sailor; even the artificers and the cook's boy wear our regulation uniform.

Photograph by Stephen Cribb.

IF Lord Lonsdale ever blushes let him seize the opportunity. Under his portrait in the advertisement of a motor-car is printed: "This head denotes a genial man of the world who knows the best of everything and gets it. A fine type of splendid British manhood." Lord Lonsdale, who has known what it is to be able to pass himself off as "Mr. Shepherd, the slipper," at coursing meetings, and can conveniently lose himself in any crowd

of racing men, would hardly pass those adjectives; but that he knows the best of motor-cars, as of horses, he would be chary of denying. Even on the moors his judgment in machines is established. To see him making for neighbouring butts, if they lie at any distance from his own shooting-box, is a lesson for all lords. The procession is seldom made up of less than three cars—in one the loaders and guns; in the second, the luncheon-basket and its attendants; and Lord Lonsdale himself in the last.

*Tale-Bearers.* In regard to the King's

presence at the manœuvres, where his rôle will be merely a spectator's, it is pointed out in a daily paper that in Germany the Kaiser takes command, first on one side, then on the other, and that whichever side he leads is invariably adjudged the winner by the umpires. As in dozens of paragraphs written with



THE EX-QUEEN OF MADAGASCAR: RANOVALONA III., WITH HER LADY-IN-WAITING, MME. HOWAI.

Queen Ranavalona III. was deposed by the French Resident-General in February 1897, and deported to Réunion Island. Later she was transferred to Algiers. She was born in 1861, and succeeded in 1883.—[Photograph by Illus. Bureau.]

the object of making the Emperor somewhat absurd, the facts are not strictly accurate, but it is probably nobody's business, and certainly not Count von Bieberstein's, to correct them. It is, however, quite true that the Kaiser leads the army, of which he is the accredited head, during the manœuvres, and Lord Lonsdale, who has been his guest in the field, can, for one, testify to the military ardour that sometimes wins the day. The Kaiser is up at 3 a.m., in the saddle till nightfall, and entertaining his officers with martial anecdotes far into the night. If there is any disposition to do rather more than justice to the Kaiser during manœuvres,

it is in the matter of his anecdotes. His tactics sometimes fail; but his tales must be acclaimed by his officers, however weary.

*Lord Winterton's Summer.*

Russia is sunstruck; and Earl Winterton sails for Canada with the assurance that he will get warm there. The Dominion is not sorry to turn the tables upon the Motherland and Mr. Kipling. The poet has never been forgiven for his "Our Lady of the Snows," but with midsummer frosts in their own Sussex, he and the noble member for the Horsham Division must be polite to other climates. Besides the familiar poem Mr. Kipling has made his private jest. He once wrote in a girl's album—

There was a small boy in Quebec  
Who was buried in snow  
to the neck;  
When asked, "Are you friz?"  
He said, "Yes, I is;  
But this isn't cold in Quebec."

*Difficulties at the association of Mr. the Devonshire.*

Cunninghame Graham with Mr. Ben Tillett and the platform agreement between the two on such matters as the Throne has been taken very seriously in Clubland. But those who know Mr. Cunninghame Graham well are accustomed to think of him as a blend of the genuine courtier and the revolutionist, and if he can make a fighting docker's speech, he can also kiss the hand of a Princess with as much art as any man. The situation becomes piquant when it is noted that his brother, Commander Cunninghame Graham, was in attendance on the King on the very day on which his club decided to put on record its disapproval of its distinguished member's supposed disloyalty. The question of a club's responsibilities and powers in such a case are again likely to be the subject of some debate, and the upshot of it all will be remarkably interesting, alike to persons concerned and to lookers-on in general from without.



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LADY SOPHIA MONTGOMERIE AND NIECE OF LORD EGLINTON: MISS ADELAIDE MONTGOMERIE.

Miss Montgomerie is twenty. Her mother, a daughter of the fourteenth Earl of Eglinton, married Mr. Samuel Hynman Allenby in 1885, and in 1893 her husband assumed, by royal license, the surname of Montgomerie.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



THREE LITTLE CHURCHILLS ALL IN A ROW, AT SANDWICH: MASTER RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, SON OF MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL; MISS DIANA CHURCHILL, HIS DAUGHTER; AND MASTER JOHN GEORGE CHURCHILL, A NEPHEW.

Photograph by Sport and General.



## A COUNTESS IN A KOKOCHNIK: YOUNG RUSSIA AND OLD.



WEARING THE HEADDRESS OF DAYS PAST: THE COUNTESS NADEJDA TORBY.

There was a time when the Kokochnik was worn throughout Russia by rich and poor alike. Now it is seen but seldom, and only in a few districts, save as an accessory of Court dress. London has become familiar with it, thanks to the Russian Dancers, and, we may add, perhaps, to a number of illustrations of fine examples of it published in "The Sketch" as far back as 1908. Countess Nadejda Torby, who is sixteen, is the younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Michailovitch by his morganatic marriage with the Countess Torby, who is so popular a figure in London society.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

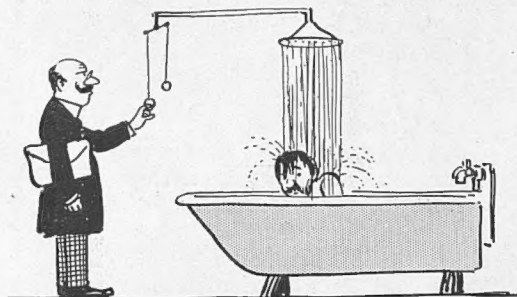




# CUFF COMMENTS

BY WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

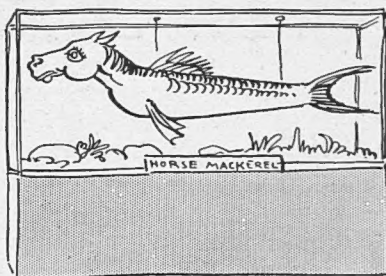
WHO fears the German fleet now, when operations in a naval war are to be conducted by wireless from the Admiralty? The First Lord looking out over St. James's Park, and perceiving the movements of the foreign ducks on its stormy waters, will at once telegraph the disposition of the enemy's fleet to the Admirals at sea. Result: Victory — for one side.



Foreign intelligence: Twelve shower-baths have been fitted in the basement of the Austrian Parliament, the sittings of which

are often so prolonged that members fall asleep in the corridors. This is very handy for the Whips, who can now pop a member into a shower-bath five minutes before a division, and bring him up as fresh as paint.

South Kensington has been enriched by the gift from Ireland of a large horse-mackerel. It will be placed between the shafts of a specimen of the extinct Irish jaunting-car in the Museum.



Dr. Gottfried Zoepfl, a kindly professor at Berlin, suggests that in future war should be made by sending airships to drop bottles full of typhoid and cholera germs on the enemy's territory and towns. This will be very annoying for the non-combatants, who will have to sit all day in a tub of disinfectants and duck their heads under whenever an enemy's airship comes along overhead.

"Hairdressers are now persuading their customers to change their style of doing their hair," says an observer. Why, they have never done anything else, especially in the case of those who happen to be bald.

A man has been charged with burgling Pentonville Prison. The King's guests at that gloomy hostelry must congratulate themselves that they have had to deposit their valuables with the governor.

## THE MAN OF TASTE.

(There is a suggestion of the revival of old fashions in men's dress, which leads some people to think that ruffles and laces may be seen again.)



Too long has man been content to dwell  
A dingy and dowdy thing,  
(Except when Percy, the "half-hose" swell,  
Heralds the hues of spring.)  
No more he dreads to appear grotesque  
In trappings of silk and lace,  
He's having a try at the picturesque,  
And a shy at ancestral grace.

The pointed beard in Velazquez style  
Shall cover the shaven cheek,  
His head shall be crowned by a velvet tile  
That's nothing if not antique.  
And full tail coats of a Georgian cut,  
Ruffled and frilled and laced,  
Will shine on the utterly stylish "nut"  
In the neo-Georgian taste.

Sanatoria for tuberculous cows are advocated at that cow-less place, South-sea. This is quite in accord with the humanitarianism of the day. Why should not the domestic animals pay their ninepence for fourpence just as much as the domestic servants?

Professor Fillassin, of Paris, thinks that the end of the world will be brought about by everybody becoming mad. That won't end the world; it will merely cause the professors of the future to write learned articles on the Dullness of the Dark Ages when everybody was sane.

Gruesome news from Nyassaland. In that colony there is an increasing demand for dentists and tin-openers. It sounds as if the same awful-looking instrument were to serve both purposes.

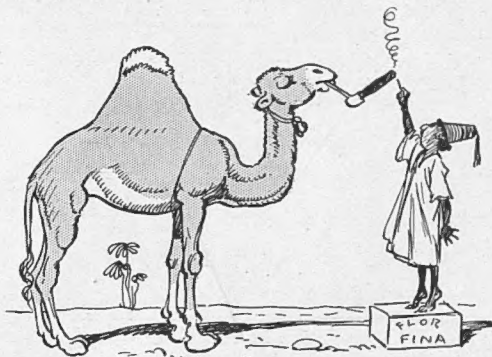
"Don't work when tired," is one of a series of hints to women published in a weekly paper. That is where man is the superior sex. No need to press these little hints on him.



"I can conceive a blue pain," says a correspondent of the *Spectator*. In spite of this gallant effort, it is the bruise and the consequent language which are blue.

"Hot-weather dieting. How to guard against mistakes," says a headline. We would cheerfully risk the mistakes for the greater part of the summer, if we had half a chance of making them.

Highgate is of opinion that a man cannot get tipsy in an hour. That may do for sluggish Highgate, but lower down by the Thames, where the brainy hustlers dwell, they think nothing of doing it in half the time.



"The native Moroccan soothes the unmanageable camel with a lighted cigar placed in a wooden holder," says the *Cigar and Tobacco World*. Now then, what kill-joy dare say that tobacco is not good for the hump?

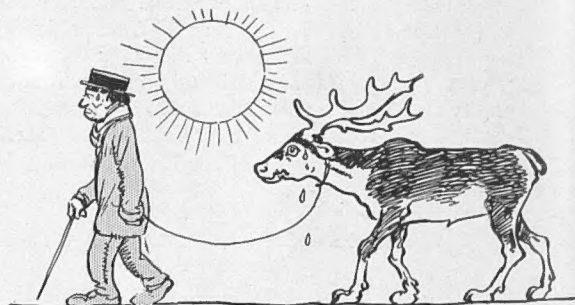
## HAPARANDA.

(The other day the temperature at Haparanda (Lapland) was eleven degrees higher than the temperature at noon in London.)

If there is a town or village which can raise my helpless dander, It's within the Arctic Circle, and its name is Haparanda; And it is, an evening paper gives me cause to understand, a Place that's principally dwelt in by the blubber fed Laplander.

While in London summer's rigours weekly force us to demand a Store of extra coal, the Lapp is toasting like a salamander

In his balmy groves of myrtle, cytisus, and oleander, With a temperature unequalled save in Texas or Uganda.



Had I but some Yankee's millions never fancy I would stand a- Nother summer like the present, while my dollars could command a Front page in a morning paper for a tearing propaganda Of the eligible building sites I'd buy at Haparanda.



## LOSING POUNDS AND £s: CURES AT MARIENBAD.



1. A DISTINGUISHED GUEST WHO LOSES FIVE POUNDS (WEIGHT AND CASH) DAILY, AND IS HOPING TO BE AS LEAN AS CASSIUS—BY DRINKING MUCH.
2. FROM A LETTER TO HIS WIFE, "I LIVE A MOST SOLITARY LIFE; SO THERE IS NO NEWS TO GIVE YOU."
3. A LADY WHO IS DELIGHTED TO HAVE LOST SO MUCH WEIGHT AND PICTURES HERSELF A SYLPH FITTED TO TAKE HER PLACE IN THE FRONT ROW.

4. LOSING POUNDS—STERLING; THE CARD "CURE" AT MARIENBAD, A POPULAR IDEA.
5. A POSTCARD: "PAPA AND I ARE SITTING ON THE BENCH ON WHICH KING EDWARD ALWAYS SAT. WHAT A PITY YOU CANNOT SEE US!"
6. AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING! THE RANK AND FILE—ARMED WITH THEIR GLASSES—IN REVIEW ORDER BEFORE THE KREUZBRUNNEN.





### PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR APPLAUSE: THE ABOLITION OF THE HIRED CLAUQUE.

#### The Abolition of the Claque.

It is alleged that the *claque* is dead so far as London is concerned. The announcement is, perhaps, less portentous than that of the death of Pan: still it means much. I read the news in the *Daily Mail*, and therefore, of course, believe it. The Alhambra, it appears, is closed for a big autumnal spring-cleaning, and the chief of the regulation *claque* has been discharged, and with him is to go the rest of the flock. For the *claqueurs* are like the sheep of Panurge. I do not make the announcement myself, nor even do I endorse it, but merely write about it, since writing is my profession. And the paragraph states that the Alhambra possessed the last organised *claque* in London. The paid applauder has been the subject of vast scorn and derision. His functions have not always been understood. The general idea is that he claps merely for two purposes: the one, in certain entertainments, to cause encores, the other to give a general idea that a piece is successful; the two reasons being one in somewhat different forms. In fact, there is much more in the matter. Often the *claqueur* is employed in order to give confidence to the artists. Players are sensitive creatures: in many aspects of human life the best work is done in answer to competition, but the competition incentive is denied to the player. The mere silence of the audience chills him, and so it appears that by some miracle connected with the great make-believe of drama, he will act better if encouraged by applause, even when he knows that the *claque* has been hired and he has paid his own share of the bill.

#### The Functions of the Claque.

There is an even more important function. The angler, at least the humble coarse-fisher, employs what he calls "ground bait," consisting, if he be scientific, of material similar to his hook-bait, but less meritorious in quality. The main object is to induce his quarry to begin feeding. The device is based upon the truthful French proverb, of which we have no equivalent, "*L'appétit vient en mangeant*," although there is a faint suggestion in the phrase about whetting the appetite. Perhaps "ground bait" might be translated into French as *hors d'œuvre*. So one object of the *claque*, the most important, is to set a good example, is to induce the public to express its approval in the customary way. Many a human being would not have the courage to start the clapping, but when it begins, he joins in heartily, and becomes even eager to express his pleasure

created by Sir Robert Peel, and so on the first night the unreserved seats were occupied almost exclusively by members of the force, in mufti, but armed with their famous boots and zealous to applaud. On paper this sounds very well; in the playhouse the effect was appalling, for the applause made by the boots in question was deafening and heard too often.

#### The Waning of the Claque.

Perhaps our theatres have really got rid of the professional *claque*, which of late years has had little hold upon them. Indeed, for a long time past the opera has dispensed with it: possibly on account of the vogue of Wagner—a jolly alliterative phrase. For a *claque* is hopelessly at sea during the stern music-dramas in which there are no specific purple patches. Who knows but that the opposition of Paris to Wagner may not have had some connection with the difficulty of finding appropriate places for applause in the monologues of Wotan and the reluctance of the *claque* to see its occupation like that of Othello?

#### The Amateur Claque.

We always have a *claque* with us on first nights, consisting of friends of the management, author, and individual players, and of the miscellaneous



LAURA IN "THE EASIEST WAY" ON TOUR: MISS GERALDINE LE SAGE (WITH BUSTER).

Miss Le Sage is on tour as Laura in "The Easiest Way," one of the biggest star parts ever written for a woman, and is making a considerable success. Not so long ago she was in "Looking for Trouble," at the Aldwych, and before that, amongst other engagements, was a principal in "The Speckled Band."—[Photograph by Valerie.]



THE MARSINAH OF "KISMET" IN THE UNITED STATES: MME. RITA JOLIVET.

Mme. Jolivet has made a great success in the part of Hajj's daughter, created by Miss Lily Brayton. She has been in London for a short spell, and has just returned to America to take up the rôle again.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

with his hands and his feet. Apropos of feet, I remember a catastrophe connected with an amateur *claque*. There was a play written by somebody who had influence with the body of peace guardians

an unconscious effort to obey the mysterious law of average. A applauds too much, B boos too loudly; and something like truth emerges from the clash.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)



GLORIOUS SUMTUMN: "WHAT YOU CALL 'NOT HALF.'"



NEW STYLE: AN AUGUST DAY, 1912—A SCENE OF MELANCHOLY INTEREST.

The photograph here given is of melancholy interest. It was taken this August at Oxshott, in Surrey, and illustrates well the horrors of the season which the "Daily Express" has well called "Sumtumn," a blend of summer and autumn, with a decided balance in favour of the latter. Who can but sympathise with the Frenchman, quoted in the "Daily Chronicle," who said: "This England of yours is what you call 'not half.' It is altogether of the most awful. I shall be very good with myself if I depart sound and safe."—[*Photograph by F. A. Davies.*]



# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

THE royal scarf-pins and cuff-links dispensed in quarters too exalted for tips, but unripe for knighthoods, are familiar in every kingdom. But of actual tipping by kings and queens less is known, although with them, as with other mortals, its problems are always in solution without ever being finally solved. The Prince of Wales, it is said, learnt something more than French in France. He learnt the beginnings of one of the most difficult questions in Finance and Labour. Experience and a tutor are needed both for a pronunciation and a nice discrimination in *pourboires*. The fact that the King carries his own servants with him even when he dines out does not free him from the vexed question of the tip. There are everywhere, and especially on the moors, personages whose presence his own staff can never obscure. But at Abbeystead, whither his Majesty travels

went on shooting; but his embarrassed assailant was so upset that he retired to Braemar Castle and shut himself up in his bedroom for the day. No bandaging could mend his hurt.

## The Cromwellian Habit.

he will be denied the sport he most enjoys. While he holds all records in pheasant and rabbit-shooting, he has never taken the trouble to wrest the honours of the largest grouse-bag from Lord Lovat. That he could do so if he were so minded is more than probable, for the powers of his gun seem to be unlimited. He shoots on occasion to a "gallery" of ladies, and does trick firing for wagers, to vary the monotony of perfect marksmanship. To kill

Lord Ripon, taken ill in Paris at the inopportune moment, sighed in vain for Studley Royal, and grouse. It does not follow, however, that



ENGAGED TO MR. NORMAN McLEOD MORE; MISS EVELYN CONSTANCE SMITH.

Miss Smith is the youngest daughter of Mr. B. Franklin Smith, of Palace Gate House, Palace Gate. Mr. More, of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, is the son of Mr. Robert More, of 28, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, and The Cottage, Cromer.

Photograph by Bullingham.

from the Duke of Devonshire's, his host has taken a strong line on the subject of the relations between his guests and his servants. Like Lord Londonderry and Lord Derby, Lord Sefton has discouraged tipping, and at Croxteth has gone so far as to display notices to that effect. But whether he can bring his "Rules" to the notice of the King is a moot point.

*The Real Victim.* The season of flying shots opened without casualties. Birds were plentiful, but no



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON TERRITORIAL FORCE, IN PLACE OF THE LATE DUKE OF FIFE; VISCOUNT ESHER.

Lord Esher, new President of the Territorial Force Association for the County of London, will also continue to act as Chairman of the Association. Thus he has added another to the many positions he has filled and to his many interests. His Lordship has been Deputy-Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle since 1901, is Royal Trustee of the British Museum, and joint-editor of "Queen Victoria's Letters,"

Photograph by Bullingham.



ENTERTAINING THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARY, WHO IS ABROAD FOR THE FIRST TIME; THE GRAND DUCHESS OF MECKLENBURG-STRELITZ. The Queen and Princess Mary started from London last week for a ten-days' visit to the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at Neu Strelitz, and thus the young Princess left Great Britain's shores for the first time. The Grand Duchess, who is her Majesty's great-aunt, was born in September 1857, Princess Elizabeth of Anhalt. The Grand Duke, who succeeded his father in 1904, is nine years older than his wife.—[Photograph by Downey.]

sportsman, nor even a game-keeper, was bagged. One must be thankful, not because pellets do great damage to the *animal biceps implume*, but because of the dismay that descends upon the man who pulls the trigger. When, several years ago, Sir William Ingram was "peppered," he had no time to ascertain how severely he was hurt before two birds rose, and, one to right, the other to left, fell to the gun—of the wounded man. The other man, unwounded, retired from the field in an agony of mind. So, too, last year in the case of Lord Kilmarnock. He was hit, and

did she even attend the christening. She let the Solent intervene, and it may be that at such times the Solent, or some other sufficient obstacle, will always stand between her and her English god-children. She had particular pleasure in acceding to such a request as Lord and Lady Douro's, but as a Roman Catholic, she may be expected to hesitate before actively participating in a Church of England service. Lord Mornington, of course, has a special claim upon the Queen of Spain; he is heir to a Spanish as well as to an English Dukedom.



TO MARRY MR. WALTER LINDSAY BARTON TO-DAY, AUGUST 21; MISS POLINDA MARY MURRAY.

Miss Murray is the only daughter of Captain Murray (late 65th Regiment), and Mrs. Murray, of The Camp, Inverness, and a niece of the Duchess of Somerset. Mr. Barton is the son of the late Rev. G. Barton, of East Leigh, Havant.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

his birds outright is an old achievement. He did so, of course, in the case of the famous bird that fell like a stone upon the head of the late King. "Oliver, at it again!" observed Edward VII., with a smile, in allusion to Lord Ripon's descent from the regicide whose name he bears and whose countenance, he is sometimes told, his own resembles.

## The Wellington Baby.

The Queen of Spain did not take Lord Mornington in her arms at the font, although she could have done so very expertly; nor

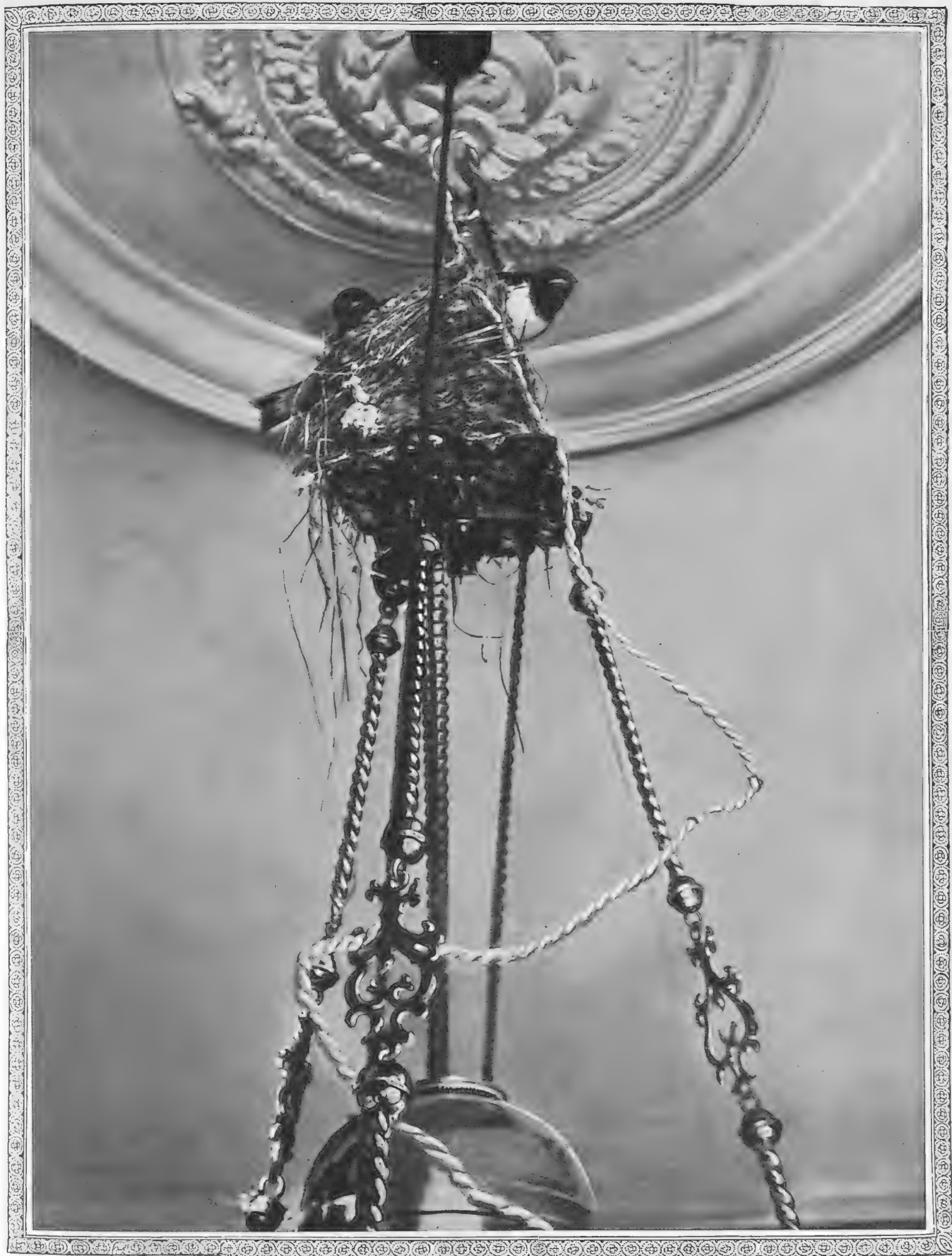


ENGAGED TO MAJOR-GENERAL C. C. MONRO, C.B.; THE HON. MARY O'HAGAN.

Miss O'Hagan is the younger daughter of the late Lord O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and the first Baron. The present—and third—Baron is her brother. Her sister is married to Mr. Louis Leopold de Beaumont-Klein. General Monro is the youngest son of the late Mr. Henry Monro, of Craiglochart, Scotland. In 1907 he became Brigadier-General in command of the 13th Infantry Brigade, Dublin, and he is an ex-Commandant of the School of Musketry, Hythe.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]



## LE NID, MARNAY: BIRDS VERY MUCH AT HOME.

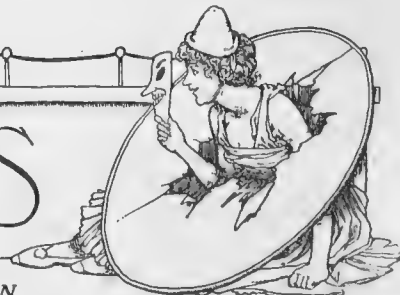


COSIER THAN UNDER THE EAVES: SWALLOWS NESTING ON THE TOP OF A CHANDELIER IN A DINING-ROOM.

The swallow, always closely associated with the dwelling-places of man, has given yet further proof of its confidence in the unfeathered creature who can only imitate its flight by means of machinery of his own devising. A pair of swallows recently built their nest in the house of M. Edmond Bey, at Marnay, Haute-Saône, setting it on the top of a chandelier adapted not long ago for the use of electric light, and in the family dining-room. When the young birds became too large for their parents to remain with them in the nest and still be comfortable, the old birds flew away each night to rest in a tree near the house, leaving their offspring in the care of the household.—[*Photograph by Mauvillier.*]



# STAR TURNS



THE PERFECT WOMAN: MISS ANNETTE KELLERMAN.

THE perfect woman! This title, which has by universal consent been bestowed on Miss Kellerman and makes her one of the most envied of her sex, cannot be regarded as inappropriate, seeing that her measurements accord almost to a nicety with those of the Venus of Milo, except in the matter of arms, in which Miss Kellerman has the advantage over the famous statue. The physical perfection she enjoys has been obtained by unremitting attention to physical exercises. Miss Kellerman is therefore an object-lesson of what physical culture can do. As a matter of fact, she has proclaimed it herself, if not from the housetops yet from the platform; for she was for some time in the United States an ardent lecturer on physical culture, and her appearance never failed to draw enormous crowds of curious women who wanted to learn how to improve their figure.

The exercises she uses have one superlative advantage—that they are done without apparatus of any kind, and are very simple and easy, although so effective for their purpose. In spite of the physical perfection she has attained, she uses these exercises every day in order to keep herself in good condition, for she finds that diving alone will not do it. The result of the health she has attained is such that she has never missed a performance for the last four years, even when she has had the misfortune to meet with an accident.

As all the children in Sydney, where she was born and where she was living at the time, swim beautifully, her parents had her taught swimming, to which dancing was also added. Day after day she used to swim up and down the baths until she became remarkably expert and could swim fast and for a long time. After a while she entered the swimming competitions, and won them, one after the other. Indeed, she was never beaten. One day, she read in a newspaper that an English girl had swum a mile in thirty-nine minutes in still water. She determined to beat that time, and swam a measured mile under the same conditions in thirty-one minutes. That decided her to become a professional. Her father, who was himself an ardent swimmer, determined to take her to Melbourne to give exhibitions in a glass tank at the aquarium. He realised, however, that to draw attention to her she must have something of a boom, by doing an exceptional swim. She accordingly did swims of two, five, and later, ten miles in the Yarra River. At that time, such a thing as a ten-mile swim had never been done by anyone in the country. Not only did Miss Kellerman swim the allotted distance, but she beat the times which had been made by many male swimmers.

In Melbourne she first learnt the possibility of applying diving to stage purposes. She was engaged to appear in a play, one scene of which was at the seaside, and she used to dive into a tank. In order to change the scene rapidly, the tank was fitted with an outlet-pipe whose diameter was so large that Miss Kellerman could almost slip through it. One evening, the weather being very warm, instead

of leaving the tank immediately after her performance, she remained swimming about in it. Suddenly, she felt herself being drawn towards the outlet by the great suction of the water which was being let off. In spite of her efforts she was drawn nearer and nearer to an almost certain death. She cried for help. It came dramatically. A stage-hand picked up the first thing he saw, and rushed to her aid. It was a broom-handle he held out, but it served. Miss Kellerman grasped it and was pulled out of the water.

Mr. Kellerman next brought his daughter to London, where she gave exhibitions at the Bath Club, and at other places. Then she began to do long-distance swimming in the Thames and in the

Channel. In the Thames she swam from Putney to Blackwall; and in the Channel, making her headquarters at Dover, she swam a good deal round the coast. Once, in company with Jabez Wolff, she swam from that town to Ramsgate, doing the twenty miles in four hours and twenty minutes. Later on, Miss Kellerman went to Paris to take part in a race in the Seine. She was the only woman competitor amongst seventeen men, and she finished among the only four who swam the whole distance. The other three were Holbein, Burgess, and Paulus. Of Burgess's chivalry on that swim, Miss Kellerman entertains the greatest admiration. When she arrived at a certain bridge in Paris the crowd, intent on cheering her on, shouted that she had to swim only to the next bridge. She put on a fine spurt and did the distance in splendid time. When, however, she got to that bridge she found that she had two more kilometres to go—roughly, nearly a mile and a half. As she set herself grimly to do the task, Burgess, who was not far away, swam up to her and accompanied her the whole of the way, cheering and encouraging her by his talk, and even allowed her to touch the goal before he did.

Subsequently, she went to Vienna to swim thirty-four kilometres in the Danube against Madame Isacescu, who later on essayed to swim the Channel. Miss

Kellerman won by between thirty and forty minutes.

The publication of these feats in the American papers led to an offer for her to give swimming and diving exhibitions in the Park of the White City, Chicago, and she did as many as fifty-five shows a week. From Chicago she went to Boston for exhibitions in a park there, where Mr. B. F. Keith, proprietor of the music-hall circuit over the whole of the United States, asked her to put her show on the stage. In this way, Miss Kellerman's act got into the Variety theatre. Its success was instantaneous, and it was imitated everywhere, until people said all that was wanted was "a shape and a bathing-dress" for a woman to do a diving act. The rage wore itself out, however, and Miss Kellerman is now practically the only artist of her kind. To add to the interest of her performance, she studied dancing at the Grand Opera in Paris, and she is constantly introducing new features into her "turn," that its hold over her audiences may not decrease.



IN MISS SARI PETRASS' SHOES—PRO TEM.—AT DALY'S: MISS BLANCHE TOMLIN, WHO IS APPEARING IN "GIPSY LOVE."

On Aug. 12, Miss Tomlin stepped temporarily into the dainty shoes of Miss Sari Petrass, which she is to occupy while Miss Petrass is holiday-making.—(Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.)



## THE GLAD EYE AND THE GLAD CRY: SEA STUDIES.



THE EYE: THE SEA ELEPHANT AND THE PENGUINS, AT HAGENBECK'S "ZOO."



THE CRY: CHILDREN FULL OF JOY—AND NOISE—AT BEMBRIDGE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The first of these two photographs was taken at that famous institution, the Hagenbeck "Zoo," at Hamburg, in which every effort is made to show the animals in their natural surroundings.—[Lower Photograph by C.N.]

# FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

## ARISTOCRATIC CARAVANNERS: THOSE "GERMAN SPIES."

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

OLD Pelonne arrived yesterday morning in a state of enjoyable tremor. She had something to tell. It does not happen every day to Pelonne to have something to tell, which does not prevent her from talking. The tongue of a Gascon peasant is the solution of perpetual motion. But I have not said that Pelonne was a Gascon peasant—she was washerwoman, shepherdess, milkmaid, farm-hand, and heaven knows what else by profession.

She comes to our house every Monday to help the maids wash in the stream and spread the white linen on the golden furze and purple brier under a sun so fiery that the linen steams under it. Pelonne is not the woman's name, but the feminine form of that of her husband, Pelon. This practice is not rare in Gascony, the wife of Birouet being known as "la Birouette," that of Bichon as "la Bichonne." But with most people the family name is replaced altogether by sobriquets such as Manchot ("he with one arm"), Charentais ("he who comes from Charente," etc.).

Old Pelonne then had something to tell. Her chin, curved after the manner of a wooden shoe, like that of an old witch, was tremulous and eager.

"Eh, bé, Madame," she began, spreading her old hands, worn and softened by soap and water to the semblance of yellow velvet gloves, "eh, bé, té, but the world is droll all the same!" This is her usual prelude to gossip, so that experience has taught me never to acquiesce as to the drollery of life. But Pelonne is merely encouraged by my silence. "Judge a little," she goes on, "last evening as I go home I come to my own field and, though it was hardly yet the hour at which hens go to bed, my field I recognise it not!"

I proffer a prudent "Ah!" taking great care that it sounds as a mere tepid exclamation, not as a query. But diplomatic intonation is no dam for the volubility of a Landaise, and Pelonne, after fortifying herself with a pinch of snuff, goes on with her Odyssey—

"It is well my gate; it is well my manure-heap on the right; it is well, on the left, my pond with the boat my grandson has made out of an old sabot floating on it; it is well the smell of ragout of my daughter's cooking; it is well the best blue blouse and trousers of her husband drying on the hedge, it is well *chez nous*, but it is not my field!" From under her black sun-bonnet old Pelonne fixes me with her small eyes like two coffee-beans.

"Oh!" I say with as much languor as I had said "Ah!"

"Where my field had been this morning was now a gipsy camp with tents, horses, and caravans——"

"There is nothing droll in that," I said, to cut short her eloquence; "do you not live on the National Road?"

"Ah, but, *ma mie*, listen then: those gipsies, they were not like ordinary Bohemians; the women they wore silk, and the children they were washed, and the horses they were fed, and I saw no one kick the dogs. Also, those folk they were travelling without their



THE FLANNELLED FIRST LORD: MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL HOLIDAY-MAKING AT SANDWICH—BECAUSE OF THE SAND WHICH IS THERE, AND THE GOLF.

The Suffragettes determined not to let Mr. Winston Churchill have even his holiday in peace—and surely he deserved it after the strenuous work that must have gone to the writing of the letter on Mr. Bonar Law's sayings at Blenheim! He was motoring on Sandown Road, Sandwich, the other evening, when two of the "Votes for Women" seekers held him up, dismounting from cycles, stopping his car, and giving their war-cry.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

circus, and they were not plaiting baskets, nor soldering cauldrons, or telling the 'good adventure' in the lines of your hands, nor in cards, nor in coffee-grounds. And they were not selling songs, and the men were shaved, and they did not quarrel—droll circus folk these were, *ma mie*!"

"They were caravanners," I suggested; "you know, Pelonne, there are people who spend their holiday in this way roaming through the country in houses on wheels."

Old Pelonne looked at me reproachfully. "Go on with you," she said—"as if people would sleep in the open for their pleasure and camp in a field that was meant for cows, when they could go to a fine hotel in Arcachon and travel in a train with nothing to do. Ah, bé, té, no, I'll tell you, *ma mignonne*, circus folk they were not; they did not leave any broken glass nor greasy papers nor any rubbish behind them, and there were no chickens missing the next morning."

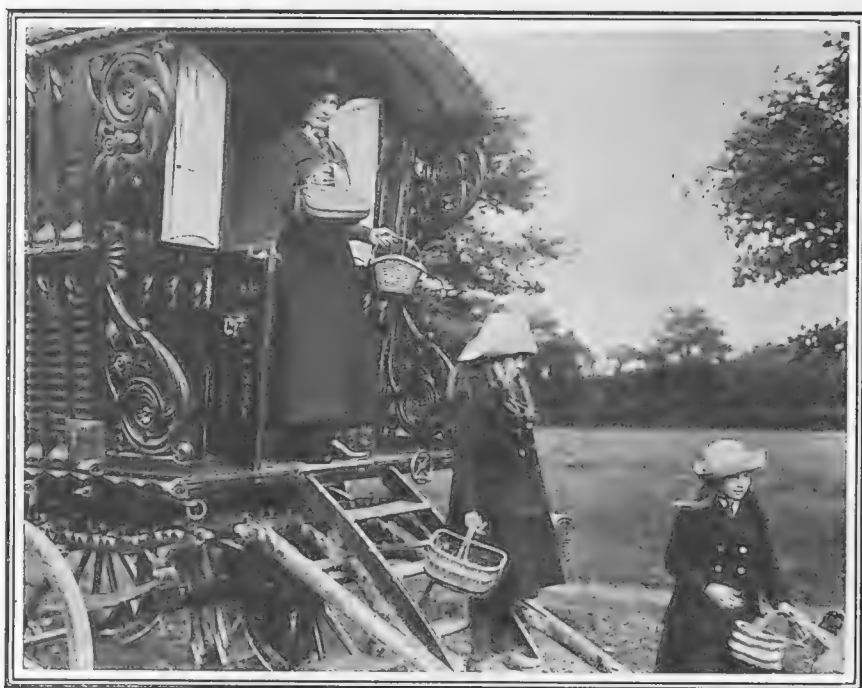
Pelonne took another pinch of snuff, looked round her as if the pink brier where we stood concealed eavesdroppers, came close to me and whispered: "They were German spies, *ma mie*, they spoke a kind of *charabia*, and they gave ten francs to my daughter for the right to pitch their tent in our field."

"But now your conscience is pricking you, eh, Pelonne?"

"Oh, bé, té, yes, I have regrets: she might have asked them twenty francs and got them!"

The postman has just come bringing the local papers. Under a blurred photograph of a group of caravanners, I read in *La Petite Gironde*: "From Bordeaux to Mimizan in a Caravan: Lady Grosvenor and her suite en route for Wool-sacks, the demesne of her nephew, the Duke of Westminster."

I must tell Pelonne who were those "German spies."



OF THE "GERMAN SPIES" WHOSE DOINGS BEWILDERED OLD PELONNE: LADY ARTHUR GROSVENOR AND ONE OF HER CARAVANS.

Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, who find much amusement in "gipsying," camped out during Ascot Week on the Brook Lodge estate, occupied by Mr. G. Bulteel and formerly the residence of the late Sir Robert Sheffield, Lady Arthur Grosvenor's father. Now they are in France, and only the other day "La Petite Gironde" reproduced a photograph of their two caravans on the way from Bordeaux to Mimizan and Woolsacks, the Landes residence of the Duke of Westminster. "Phrynette" deals with the matter on this page.—[Photograph by Sereni.]



ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER — !



THE STEWARD: Can I do anything for your wife, Sir?

THE CURATE: It isn't my wife; I don't know who it is—po-or dear.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.





AN EXPERIMENT IN REVIVIFYING: SANDRO BOTTICELLI—A SCIENTIFIC RECONSTRUCTION.

### The Methods of the Detective Applied to Botticelli.

ANDERSON.—To Mr. A. J. Anderson and Imagination, his Dear Wife, a Son: Sandro Botticelli.

And a very promising infant, if not quite of the disposition Nurse History had taught us to expect, an interesting personage taking after his mother, who is responsible, for example, for his association with the models Dominica and Hilda; his affection towards Alessandra Lippi (his godchild), daughter of Fra Filippo Lippi, his master; and Madonna Lucrezia Buti, and his friendship for Giovanna Tornabuoni. All of which is to say that Mr. Anderson, writing the Romance of Sandro Botticelli, realises that an alternative title might be: "The Story of Sandro Botticelli, Reconstructed from His Paintings"; and has based on his deep knowledge of the great painter, a most substantial structure. Or, if you will, that he has applied to the life of his subject the style of deduction favoured by the Sherlock Holmeses and the Lecoqs of fiction, or by the scientist who, armed with a tooth of a prehistoric beast, pictures a complete and fearsome creature of the remote past. He is quite frank about the matter. "By following the methods of the modern detective who reconstructs the scene of a crime," he says, "the writer may reconstruct the atmosphere in which Sandro moved and the persons who must have influenced him. So, in writing this book, I have started with a table of contemporary Florentine events, and the chronological list of Sandro's paintings. . . . Lastly, so as to guard against the confusion of fact with fiction, I have stated the source of my information, and the nature of my deductions, in the notes."

### Botticelli and Some Models.

Thus Mr. Anderson has made himself to see in the flesh Sandro, son of Mariano Filepepi, the tanner, called "del Botticelli" "after his eldest brother Giovanni, the acting head of the family, who was nicknamed 'Il Botticello,' 'the Barrel,' or, as we might say, 'Tubby.'"

He deals with him first in the year 1462, when he was eighteen, the pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi, and the devoted slave of Madonna Lucrezia, who talks Dante with him, gives him her "Convito," and bids him paint the soul as well as the body. Then he knows him as youth, panting to produce his Paragon—Lucrezia as the Madonna, her daughter Alessandra as the Bambino—the "Adoration of the Magi," now in the National Gallery. Later, he sees him in Pollaiuolo's bottega, after a maternal lecture on models from Lucrezia; a lover sighing like a furnace for Hilda, the model he desired to marry; a bashful boy before the determination

of the model Dominica to pose for him in his bedroom-studio in the "altogether," as Du Maurier put it, that he might first draw her limbs and then paint the drapery on to them, so that it might cling properly. And so through many phases and the execution of many famous works.

St. Sebastian; and Mr. Anderson's intimacy with his the "Primavera," subject does not grow less as the years pass away. The Hilda episode is but prelude to the wearing of a hair shirt. Botticelli "took a piece of silver, and fashioning a small cross with many sharp points, such as some of the saints were said to have sometimes worn, placed it next his breast: it wounded his flesh without healing his spirit." But he tore memory from him and sought refuge in a studio of his own, discreetly chosen over his father's house. To follow came, amongst other things to his profit, the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici. "What can you do?" asked Messer Lorenzo. "I can equal the Pollaiuoli," was the answer, "but my work is different"; and he proposed to paint a St. Sebastian. "How?" was the question; and the reply: "He must be transfixed with arrows so that all may recognise him. The soldiers have pierced him through each vital organ; they have left him dead—quite dead! Yet he still looks forth, firmly and bravely, for Sebastian lives for ever." Hence the Saint in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Under the influence of the same house, under that of Poliziano, and in freedom to express his ideals, came the "Primavera," with the Flora smiling the Leonardo smile at the bidding of da Vinci himself.



THE LATEST COUNTRY COTTAGES! 'BUSES AS RESIDENCES ON CANVEY ISLAND.

Canvey Island boasts quite a number of curious dwelling-places, including old omnibuses, barges, caravans, and sheds.—[Photo. by C.N.]

forth, firmly and bravely, for Sebastian lives for ever." Hence the Saint in the Royal Museum at Berlin. Under the influence



A FAMOUS AUTHOR AS AMATEUR OPERA-SINGER: M. PIERRE LOTI AS RAOUL DE NANGIS; M. RUDOLF, OF THE OPÉRA COMIQUE, AS MARCEL; AND Mlle. BERTHE L—AS VALENTINE, IN "LES HUGUENOTS."

At a recent soirée musicale, at his house at Rochefort, M. Pierre Loti appeared as Raoul de Nangis in the end of the fourth act and the greater part of the fifth act of "Les Huguenots."

### Botticelli Defending His V-Shaped Waves.

In like manner Mr. Anderson shows him defending the conventional water in his "Birth of Venus," now a treasure of the Uffizi Gallery. "Listen, Madonna," he is made to say to Giovanna. "The Zephyrs are blowing the maiden to the shore, so the sea must be showing its teeth: that is evident. But if I were to paint the sea faithfully and the waves truthfully, I should either have to paint my maiden rowing ashore in a boat, which would be absurd, or else I should have to paint her wading to land, which would be ridiculous; for no shell could swim on a real sea, and no maiden could stand on the edge of a real shell without overbalancing. . . . Therefore, since an illusion of the real sea is out of the question, I

have painted a symbolical sea that raises no mental doubt as to the stability of my cockleshell. Besides, the whole of my subject is symbolical."—Of such is Mr. Anderson's "Romance," a daring experiment, but one justified by the end, and well worthy of study by both expert and dilettanti.

\* "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli; Woven from his Paintings." By A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE POINT OF VIEW.



HIS MOTHER: Oh, dear, Nurse; perhaps a pin is sticking into him.  
HIS NURSE: Never you mind, Mu'm; it doesn't show.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## THE LILY LADY.

By DORA NESBITT KEMP.

IT was just above Boulter's Lock, and Toby Carruthers, lean, active, and red-headed, paused momentarily on his punt-pole to realise to the full the beauty of a waking day.

In a few months' time Toby was to return to Australia, the land that bred him, and he felt that he would always like to keep the memory of this English sunrise clear and apart from other pictures of life in the Old Country. It was so miniature in its beauty, so impressively English; and Toby was of an age to be impressed.

Then the call of her voice came to him.

"Oh, please—my book——"

He started so violently that he nearly lost both pole and balance; he had imagined his own rapt self the sole representative of humanity for miles round.

"My book, please"—the cry was plaintive in the extreme; "it will be drowned unless you rescue it; I'm moored."

Toby was a man of quick actions.

"Right," he answered, fishing the sinking volume out; then he brought the punt round with a smart twist of his strong wrist. The nose of a skiff protruded suggestively from amongst a tangle of willow-trees near by; the owner of the voice doubtless would be found in that direction. By the aid of a boat-hook he drew alongside, and peered into the shadow of the low, hanging branches at the feminine figure seated at the other end of the neat little craft. She leaned down and held out a hand.

"I am so greatly obliged to you. Is it very wet?"

Toby drew out his handkerchief and attempted some doctoring. "I am afraid it is pretty far gone, you know," he answered truthfully.

She moved still further down; a patch of sunlight, filtering through the leaves, fell full upon her. Toby stared. He didn't know much about women, but he knew enough to realise that this was an unusually beautiful specimen. She was fair with the ethereal fairness of a young child, and her dress was white.

For a moment Toby couldn't think of what it was that she reminded him.

Lilies, of course—exquisite, stately English lilies!

In the tiny garden patch allotted to his bungalow was a resplendent bed, and only that morning he had stood and gloried in their loveliness.

For some reason he failed to diagnose, Toby turned suddenly crimson, while the cause of his confusion studied him with quiet, critical eyes.

Toby was plain to ugliness, but his face was a very wholesome one, and he looked the nice-minded boy he was. As the blood mounted higher, the woman turned her gaze generously away, and nodded at the book in his hand.

"What a calamity! A whole morning to get through before lunch, and nothing to read now!"

Toby gratefully hid his face amongst the pile of cushions in the punt; under a thin pretence of unearthing a couple of books.

"Here's this," he said, emerging after sufficient time had elapsed to allow the colour to subside, and held out a Tennyson. "I could lend you this with pleasure, if you like, and in the sun your own book will be dry in an hour or two."

She reached out her hand and took the proffered volume, but she shook her head.

"No—Tennyson is for people in love—have you nothing else?"

Toby displayed a dog-eared Sophocles a little dubiously. His companion shot him a swift glance from beneath lashes a shade or two less golden than her hair.

"You've nothing else?"

"No—so sorry."

"Then Sophocles let it be—though I hoped he and I had cut a purely bowing acquaintance years ago."

Toby handed her the book, and she turned the leaves over listlessly. "You'll be back before one, won't you?" she went on. "I must leave for lunch not a moment later. You had better take my poor Ibsen for an airing; it is so shady under these trees that it will never dry. You can let me have it when you call back here for your Sophocles."

With a gracious little bow she dismissed Toby, and he proceeded to beat a hasty retreat down-stream. It was exactly a quarter past one when Toby, flustered in the extreme, and very shiny about the forehead, came swinging back to the place beneath the willows where he had left his Lily Lady. He was calling himself every imaginable bad name that a golfing career had taught him, and looked quite as big a fool as he felt. For he had succeeded in committing the unforgivable sin of over-rating his speed abilities and cunning with the pole, and under-rating the strength of the current and weight of the punt. He had hoped against hope that she would await his return, and something like consternation seized him when he discovered it had been all in vain.

"Whatever will she think of me?"—the unconscious egotism of youth thrust itself forward. "She'll believe I've stalked her precious 'Doll's House'!" He took up the book, now very dry and curled about the leaves, and turned to the front page; it was an inspiration, and received its due reward. "Elaine Hilliers" was written in a delicate handwriting that he could swear was hers and beneath it "Still Waters"—the name of a neighbouring bungalow!

Toby beamed. He would return the volume this very afternoon.

And that is how he and his Lily Lady became acquainted.

After this first meeting, Toby practically lived on the river. His success in life was largely due to the fact that whatever he did he did with all his might, and, having fallen in love, he hastened to do so thoroughly. The only attraction the land held for him seemed to be his bed of lilies; he never missed the morning's inspection, and regularly every day selected a whole armful of the pure, stately flowers, to be laid at the feet of the fair goddess at whose shrine he worshipped. At first the Lily Lady refused to accept them; they were more fitted, she told Toby, for a cathedral altar than for a bungalow drawing-room. But he had looked at her in his straight way. "I wasn't thinking of the drawing-room, Miss Hilliers, when I brought the flowers—I was thinking of you; they're so white, and pure—and beautiful!"

There was an awkward silence for a moment, then she turned quietly to him. "Mr. Carruthers, you mustn't call me Miss Hilliers—Mrs., if you please."

Toby went very red, and then very white; his voice seemed to die away in his throat. But she raised kind eyes to his face. "That portrait over the piano—he was my husband, you know. A soldier, Captain Hillier." Was! Oh, blessed tense; Toby's relief was so great that he felt he could shout aloud.

"Perhaps you remember the name?" she went on, in the same dull tone, like a child repeating a lesson.

Toby contracted his brows in thought; he believed he had come across it in the papers some years ago; but he couldn't connect the name; the African War, probably.

He told her so, and there the subject rested.

It gradually became a recognised thing for the two to spend long hours together on the river; the boy had never imagined it possible that any woman could talk so deeply on so many subjects as his Lily Lady, and fell farther in love every day he was with her. He made one or two efforts to propose; but somehow she always seemed to realise what was impending, and deftly turned the conversation on to other topics. Had Toby been a different type of man he would have been puzzled, but he did not belong to the modern school of analysts; he took life as he found it, and at present he discovered it to be paradise.

It fell in the nature of a thunderbolt when, one day, as she nestled back amongst the cushions of the punt, she told him of her departure from the bungalow on the following Friday.

Toby had learnt a few elementary things since he had known her, and kept his face averted. Somehow he had imagined this life of theirs could go on for ever.

"Aren't you—coming back?"

There was an almost imperceptible pause.

"Oh, yes, of course, but one must go to Town, you know—shopping, and all that."

This time the pause was unmistakable. She shifted one of the cushions behind her head.

[Continued overleaf.]

## THREE OF THEM.



THE BARBER (unaware that he has the honour of attending Professor Van Blinkbottle, the world-famous violinist): Really, Sir, you ought to have just a little more off, or people will take you for one o' them fiddlers.



HIS RIVERENCE: What have you done with the pig you stole from Widow Ryan?  
 MURPHY: Killed it an' ate it, yer Riverence.  
 HIS RIVERENCE: Ah, Murphy, whatever will you be able to say when brought face to face with Widow Ryan and the pig on Judgment Day?  
 MURPHY: Oh, I'll just say: 'Why, Mrs. Ryan, there's your pig.'



THE MISTRESS: Really, Cook, what have you been doing? Seven o'clock—and that hare not put on yet!  
 THE COOK: Can't 'elp it, Ma'am; I never knew anything take so long to pluck in all my life.

DRAWINGS BY BERTRAM PRANCE.



"Mr. Carruthers, before I go, I want you to promise me something."

"Anything—Lily Lady."

"You once told me that all women seemed like flowers to you"—she put her warm arm over the side of the punt, and let the clear, cool water leap in bubbles around it—"and I want you to promise me you'll always think of women like that—no matter how hard life tries to prove to you differently. I want you to remember all girl-children are born lilies, but that some are picked by wanton hands, merely to be thrown aside in the gutter to die, or left to wither and fade through neglect." She smiled up at him suddenly, with a tender little droop about the lips. "We are not all reared in a bungalow garden, you see, Mr. Carruthers."

Toby did not answer; a hard lump had risen in his throat, and he was afraid if he spoke she would catch the tremor in his voice.

When the Lily Lady duly made her departure a couple of days later, Toby leant over the palings at the end of the garden and waved her good-bye; she had forbidden him to accompany her to the station, and her word was law. He had had a foreboding that the place would seem different without her, but he had never realised the large part she had grown to play in his life. Now that she had gone, he was amazed to find he had let her do so without getting anything definite from her; all his attempts at proposing she had waived aside, and he hadn't even her address! Supposing, while she was away, she should meet some other man; she was so charming and beautiful, and there were so many "other men" in London; a calamity of this sort could happen easily. The thought had birth about lunch-time; some three hours after she had left; by tea-time it had grown to a panic.

He would go to Bill; Bill was his man-of-all-work, with a way of knowing everything that didn't concern him, and there was a pretty maid at "Still Waters." It was just possible that Bill would have an idea of the address of this pretty maid's mistress.

He interrogated Bill; the man looked down at his ungainly feet, and shuffled them sheepishly.

"I believe Mrs. Hilliers, Sir, didn't leave no address with Lena."

"Then you don't know it, Bill?"

All Bill's sympathies were with his young master. He caught his eye and shuffled his feet again. Toby showed his closed fist, and then opened the fingers half-surreptitiously; there was the glint of gold in his palm. Bill's horny paw came out slyly.

"They do say, Sir, as how the Hotel Hotto is very convenient for the shops, and such like, Sir."

"Hotel Otto? Er—yes—thank you, Bill."

The Windsor express got Toby up to the hotel in excellent time for dinner. He had seated himself in the lounge, behind tall palms; he was hopeful of catching sight of her before she saw him, on her way to the dining-hall.

He felt alarmingly nervous, and a little guilty. "She will forgive me," he thought, "when I explain." He happened to look up, and his gaze remained fixed.

She was coming down the room in his direction. But was it really she—could this be his Lily Lady?

Her lashes and brows were an impossible black, and her cheeks flagrantly rouged. She was dressed in vivid green, ablaze with sequins and jewels. Toby's stare shifted vacantly to the men who walked on either side of her. One was stout, with loose, old lips, and the smoke of his cigar floated into her face. He wasn't even a gentleman!

There were other people in the lounge—crowds, it seemed to Toby—and, as if with one accord, their heads went round as the resplendent figure in green passed between the red plush curtains.

"Carruthers—you here," a heavy hand came down upon his shoulder, "and struck—like the rest of us! Do you know her?"

Toby felt physically sick; he murmured something inarticulate, and the garrulous Colonel babbled on. "She's the notorious Mrs. Hilliers—'Nema,' nowadays, of the Comique. Don't you remember the divorce some years back? Though she wasn't twenty she had the gameness to defend the case right up to the bitter end—swore it was a put-up job, and all the rest of it. Recent events don't seem to warrant it, eh! Like an introduction?"

"No—thanks. The fact is, Colonel, I—I'm going down to the bungalow. I leave to-night."

It was nearly one before Toby reached the harbourage of his cosy bedroom. He did not attempt to undress; he simply lay and dozed. Outside the wind and rain kept up an unceasing moan, and Toby was glad. Custom forbade him to cry aloud his misery, but he was grateful that the elements should do it for him.

He wondered drowsily what the morrow would seem like, and the day after, and the day after that. He was still wondering when the dawn broke. He blinked out at the rosy skies, and got up stiffly. He would go and look at his lilies—he had those still!

He opened the long French windows, and stepped on to the sodden lawn. Signs of the storm were everywhere, but he walked on with unseeing eyes.

His lilies!

He reeled a little; the weakness of sleep and pain were heavy upon him. The storm had done its work; great blooms lay crushed to the earth on all sides, tattered, smeared, hardly recognisable as the perfect things he had left.

Toby's eyes half-closed for a moment. Then he stooped and raised what had once been a fragrant lily from the slush of rain and mould that surrounded it.

"Lily," he said, and he was thinking of the mud-bespattered flower that lay in his heart, "the rain has been too hard, and the wind too heavy. I will remember always how delicate is your stalk, and how quick the dirt to smirch your whiteness."

He thought of the vivid green dress, of the Colonel's words, of the man and his cigar.

Unconsciously he squared his broad shoulders. The breeze, still heavy with rain, stirred the exhausted leaves above his head. Their soft rustle reminded him of the tall grasses away in his own country, on the other side of the world, and it seemed to be whispering a message of hope to him—and to her.

An overwhelming desire to protect, to uplift, was coming over him. The light of dawn flooded the little garden, doubly resplendent because of the night's storm. He lifted his young face with a sudden, unutterable relief to the rising sun.

"God!" he cried, praying aloud, "give me strength, give me courage, give me time—and I will return your lily to you as white as when the bud first opened."

And Toby Carruthers did.

THE END.



THE TRAGEDIAN (discovering a chip of wood in his sausage): Ah! Dog and kennel!

DRAWN BY O. C. BARRETT.

EVERY BIT AS KEEN AS THE GUN: PERFECTION IN POINTING.



"SUDDENLY STAGE-STRUCK, AS IF SCULPTURED IN MARBLE": THE LIVER-AND-WHITE SETTER  
GEOFF OF GERWYN AT WORK.

Teaching a dog to point is not a very difficult matter. "Most puppies will stand on scenting game," says "The Keeper's Book," "and the example of an old dog may be useful. . . . A good plan is to find your birds with an old steady dog, which the young one is quick to observe, then . . . 'steady' him also for a few minutes—the chances are that he also gets their scent—then flush your birds, putting both dogs 'down,' and carefully mark them down. Now take up the old dog, go to the place where you know they are, and allow the young one to find them. . . . Whenever he winds them, then repeat 'Steady' or 'To Ho,' and repeat the previous performance." A capital description of dogs at work is given in "Shooting" (of the Haddon Hall Library). "The steadiest of dogs are choking in the couples . . . When the word is given to let loose they are off like rockets. . . . It is beautiful to note Nell, who has been attending to her own concerns . . . stiffen all her elastic springs . . . Charging recklessly downhill, she stands suddenly stage-struck, as if sculptured in marble."—[Photograph by Russell.]



## THE FALLEN EAGLE.



THE VERGER (*showing tourists round the village church*): An' that's my seat, over there; right up ag'in the turkey.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# ON THE LINKS

SHOTS WE NEVER FORGET; RAY'S AMAZING DRIVE; WONDERFUL PUTTS BY THREE LADIES.

## Shots of the Season.

In the course of the season those who go to watch the big golf that is played at different places see some scores of shots made that they think and talk about for long afterwards. They are all more or less shots that provoke comment and discussion. They may be extremely good or very bad, or peculiar in some way, but they are not like the others. Then, one by one, or in little batches, many of these shots drop out of the memory and the talk, and when the season is dying there are even then but two or three remaining. Those select few live on and on and never will be forgotten. That refining process so far as this present season is concerned is even now already nearly complete, and many of us have little difficulty in selecting the shots of the season. The American championship and the big professional affair in the early days of October may add something to the collection. The latter tournament has, to the best of my belief, only produced one shot that will live for ever, and that was that wonderful one that Braid did from the bunker at the tenth at Sunningdale when playing against the present champion, Edward Ray, in the second round nine years ago. Nine years, and the shot, as one might say, is as young as ever, just like Fred Tait's water shot at the Alps at Prestwick, and Hilton's spoon shots to the seventeenth at St. Andrews, which will never have grey hairs upon them. Reversing the process that is killing all us humans, these great strokes of golf get younger and younger as time passes by. There is no doubt as to what is the best shot in great golf of the year, and nothing that can happen at Sunningdale or Wheaton, U.S.A., can rob it of its distinction. It is crowned already—that remarkable shot played by Edward Ray, the champion, to the eleventh hole at Muirfield in the third round of the Championship. It was his second, played with his driver, and he was so situated that the most useful shot he could play was a long one with a little slice; but the playing, especially from the rough lie that he had, and the situation of the hazards round about the green, was encumbered with many perils. Ray, however, did it as only a champion can; he hit the ball from the heel of his club and sent it soaring to the left until it overhung a bunker there; then, just before it dropped, it turned round towards the green and flopped down lifeless, only seven yards from the pin. Nobody who saw it will ever forget that shot.

Great Players' There  
Bad Moments. was  
another  
played by Ray which  
refuses to get out of



TWO UNDER PROFESSIONAL RECORD!  
MR. FRED J. PETTYFER, SECRETARY  
OF THE WEST HOVE GOLF CLUB,  
AT PORTSLADE, WHO WENT ROUND  
THE LINKS THE OTHER DAY  
IN 74.

Mr. Pettyfer, playing in a four-ball match with Mr. Sydney Johnson, the captain, and two other members, went round in 74, thus equalling Captain J. S. Armstrong's amateur record and beating James Braid's professional record by 2. Bogey is 79.

Photograph by Sport and General.



TO PLAY IN THE U.S.A. AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. NORMAN F. HUNTER.

Mr. Norman F. Hunter, who is to play in the U.S.A. Amateur Championship, which is to be decided on the Chicago Club's course at Wheaton, Ill., between Sept. 2 and 7, was educated at Edinburgh Academy and Clare College, Cambridge. He is a member of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, Royal and Ancient, Royal St. George's, Tantallon, and Woking; and in 1904 he won the King William IV. Medal. He is a member of Lloyd's. Mr. H. H. Hilton is to play in the same event. Before that, on Aug. 31, there will be a competition for the Olympic Team Trophy. All golf associations have been invited to send a team of four players.

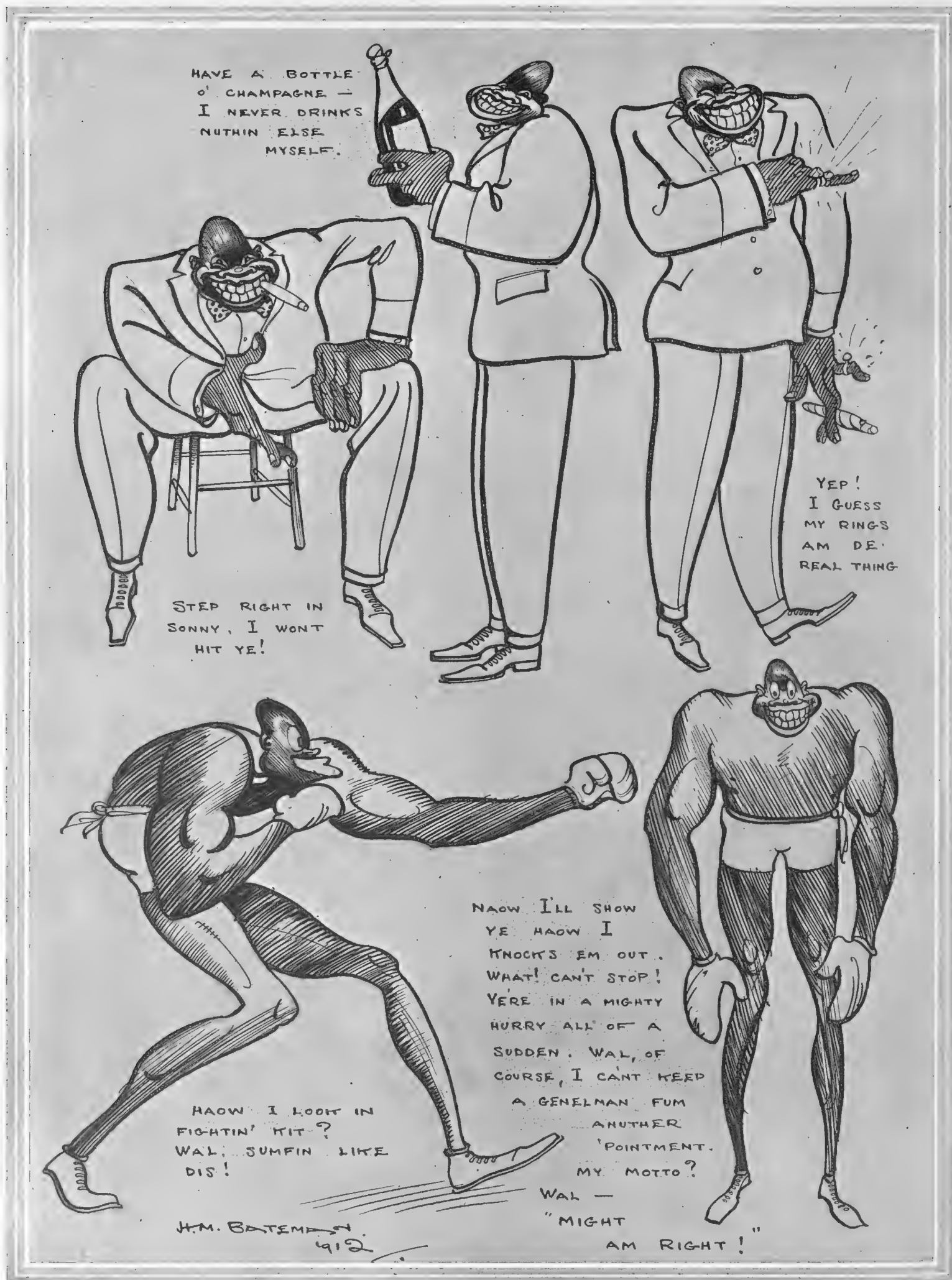
Photograph by Sport and General.

mind for the time being, and that was not a good one. It was when playing to the eighth hole in his last round that he just smacked the ball on the top and sent it fluttering like a wounded bird only a little way on. I suppose I shall never forget the American, M'Dermott, putting those three balls over the wall at the seventh hole at the same meeting, and I still remember James Braid taking four putts on the home green, and the Hon. Michael Scott and Laurence Ayton hammering away for an unconscionable time in the big bunker in front of that same green. Those are the shots of Muirfield from which the final historical selection will be made. There are one or two by the ladies that will live for a long time. I recall three that are as fresh in mind as when they were made. There was Miss Ravenscroft's reaching the fifth green in the Championship at Turnberry in two shots easily made; but the other three things that I remember are putts, at which the ladies have done as well this year as any men I have seen.

Memorable Putts. There was that wonderful three that Miss Ravenscroft got in the semi-final against Miss Cecil Leitch at the eleventh hole (330 yards), as the result of running down a long putt when her opponent had just succeeded with one of practically the same length for a four. That was a magnificent thing. And then I think that the long one that Miss Leitch holed on the home green in the same match, when her opponent was already dormy one, and was a practically certain winner, was in the most depressing circumstances an effort quite heroic. The other putt was that long curly one that Miss Temple did on the fifteenth green in the final, when she got a four at a very long hole that nearly all who read this page and the man who writes it would be quite glad to do in five as a regular thing. Somehow there were extremely few shots that stood out from the others in the Amateur Championship at Westward Ho! There was a good deal of struggling round about the ditch at the eighteenth, but so much of it that it became common, and there was some great play, and some horrible disasters, at the forest of rushes at the tenth to which the same remark applies. The shots that will be remembered were one or two in the final, but I think it will be the four-foot putt that Mr. Mitchell missed on the home green when, if he had made it, he would have been champion, that will be longest remembered—longer than his ditch shot at the thirty-eighth hole, when he caught the ball as it was falling back and gave up the game as lost.—HENRY LEACH.



## DON'T HIT US, MASSA JOHNSON! AN IMAGINARY INTERVIEW.



TO MEET JOE JEANNETTE IN SEPTEMBER: JACK JOHNSON—AS SEEN BY THE MIND'S EYE OF H. M. BATEMAN.

Not many days ago Jack Johnson, the world's champion heavy-weight boxer, announced that he would not take part in any more serious contests. Now it is reported, on the authority of the Central News, that he has signed articles for a ten-round match with Joe Jeannette, at St. Nicholas Athletic Club, New York, on Sept. 25. Jeannette, by the way, is a slow starter. Johnson, it is stated, is to receive £5000 and 50 per cent. of the first £10,000 of the receipts. It will be recalled that he recently started a most elaborate café in Chicago. Before the opening of this he was reported to have said: "Ah might modestly say that Ah have travelled some. De cafés ob Paris an' de old inns ob London knows me well. But all de Mahtans, Rectahs, and Moufins Rouges rolled into one house couldn't get into de ring with dis little eat emporium Ah's startin' heah."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



### THE ART OF DODGING HIGH ROADS; TRAMCAR TRAILERS; DRIVING EXAMS.

#### Go by Pleasant Byways.

It is always a matter of surprise to me that motorists driving for pleasure should adhere so persistently and inadvisedly to main roads and beaten tracks. Even when travelling from the Metropolis to distant parts of the country, such as Brighton and other favourite spots on the South Coast, Southampton, Birmingham, and the North, it is possible, if time is not the essence of the contract, to dodge very largely all the main roads and their traffic by following other routes which diverge more or less, but are, on the whole, fairly parallel and add a few miles only to the total of the journey. For instance, there are two other ways to Oxford besides the main route, and three alternatives to the main road



ALL CARS STOP HERE—IF IN NEED OF AIR: AN AUTOMATIC PUMP SET ON A POST BY THE ROADSIDE FOR THE BENEFIT OF CYCLISTS AND MOTORISTS NEAR PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

to Birmingham; while the main Brighton Road via Merstham, Horley, Crawley, Handcross, and so on can be dodged for nearly all its length. There are almost parallel routes on both sides, which are immediately recognisable by a study of Bartholomew's two-miles-to-the-inch maps, and although these routes are narrower, wind more, and are not overmuch tarred, they do for the most part take the motorist through prettier and, because of the comparative sparsity of traffic, pleasanter country.

#### Trailing Monstrosities.

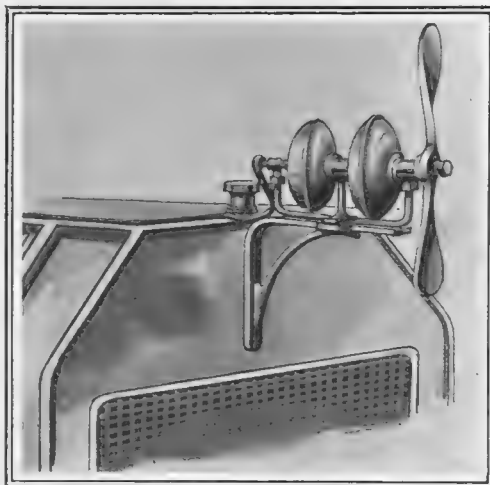
Want of backbone on the part of the House of Lords has condemned London traffic, or some of it, already as congested as it can certainly well be, to further chaos by permitting the use of trailers to the London County Council tram-cars. The last-named greedy, unwieldy, and indigestible vehicles are at present a nuisance of the London traffic, and are at the bottom of all the blocks which supervene on their routes. Now confusion is to be made worse all confounded by the addition of trailers, and because the London County Council is scared to death at the nimble motor-'bus' traffic, and hopes that by the employment of these trailing monstrosities it may run some of the motor-'bus' traffic off the routes it would fain monopolise with its unwieldy vehicles. To those who can foresee the character the traffic of London must assume in the near future, it seems obvious that this introduction of trailers for attachment to trams is nothing but a waste of the rate-payers' money and a blind attempt on the part of the London County Council tramway people to prolong the life of a cumbersome form of traffic.

**What Puzzles the Quaker.** It is always left for an Englishman to belittle the doings and productions of his own country. Particularly has this been noticeable in the matter of the triple Sunbeam victory in the Coupe de L'Auto

section of the late Grand Prix Race. An attempt has been made by correspondents in the motor Press to discount the Sunbeam triumph because Monsieur Coatalen, the designer of the cars, was born a Frenchman, and because two of the cars were driven by Frenchmen—two I say, for I think I am correct when I assert that, his name notwithstanding, Resta is a British subject. And although M. Coatalen is a native of France, I am sure he would be the first to admit that the major portion of the knowledge and practice he brought to bear upon the production of his victorious cars was acquired during his twelve years' sojourn in this country. He has given public testimony to the immense advantages derived from the use of Brooklands, and what is Brooklands but a British production? As put by a correspondent to the *Autocar*, the cars were built on British soil, by British workmen, and with British material and British capital; and why any sane person, presumably an Englishman, should essay to belittle the unprecedented performances of these three great cars is what "puzzles the Quaker."

#### Examination Necessary.

A motor contemporary is inclined to the opinion that it would be good policy for the representative motoring bodies to advise the imposition of a driving examination before a driving-license is issued. This suggestion is by no means new; an examination is compulsory in every other country except that in which we live, where, to illustrate the stupendous stupidity of certain of our motoring regulations, there is nothing to prevent a man who is deaf, dumb, blind, armless, and legless from obtaining a motor-driving license. Not that under such circumstances it would be of much value to him, but the glaring fact remains that he could obtain one so long as he could hold a pen in his mouth and write with his teeth. If it were made incumbent and imperative upon an applicant for a motor-driving license to demonstrate to a capable judge that he could handle and conduct a car without peril to the lieges, no reasonably minded motorist would cavil in the least degree. But I am afraid that such an examination would not, as our



AN AIR-PROPELLER FOR THE RINGING OF ALARM BELLS: AN INGENIOUS WARNING DEVICE ON A MOTOR-CAR.

We reproduce the above by courtesy of "Popular Mechanics," which gives the following note about it: "This ingenious propeller-driven alarm bell for automobiles has made its appearance in Paris. The shaft on which the propeller is mounted passes through the bells and has hammers mounted upon it in such a manner as to keep striking as the shaft revolves. The outfit is mounted on an automobile so that, when the chauffeur operates the mechanism which releases the shaft, the propeller is whirled by the resistance it offers to the rush of air. The propeller whirls and the bell rings until the chauffeur operates the mechanism locking the shaft again."

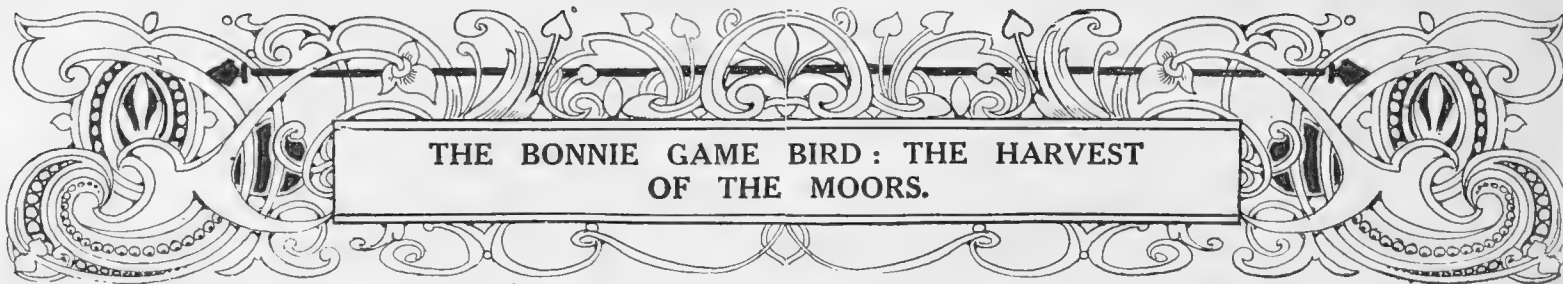
contemporary seems to think, have much effect upon the hog-gish driving which one encounters from time to time. The selfish holding to the crown of the road long after the proper side should have been taken seems to be peculiar to this country, for it certainly does not obtain in France, where an approaching car will be seen to go over to its right side hundreds of yards before the cars meet.



INSTEAD OF STRAW OR TAN ON THE ROADWAY: A "DON'T HOOT. ILLNESS" NOTICE SET UP IN A STREET TO PREVENT AN INVALID SUFFERING UNDER THE HONK-HONK OF HOOTERS.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.





## THE BONNIE GAME BIRD: THE HARVEST OF THE MOORS.



GUESTS AT BARNINGHAM PARK, FOR THE GROUSE-SHOOTING: MR. G. R. LANE-FOX AND CAPTAIN DE WINTON.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*

grouse disease—which gave more than a dozen experts half-a-dozen years of hard labour and produced last year a famous Report, just re-issued in popular form—is conspicuously absent. All the big moors are tenanted, and thousands of thrifty Scots are making their winter keep out of the despised Sassenach, who, for all his shortcomings, is generally an expert behind the butts. Agents have been steadily raising prices for years past, and owners have been as steadily improving their land, draining the moors that were once so full of wet patches, burning the old heather that offers no food for the grouse, and allowing the young and succulent growths to cover the ground. The Grouse Report shows that about a third of the rent received for shooting goes in the upkeep and improvement of the land, so that the much-maligned owner has nothing to fear from comparison with the owner of the lower-lying farm-lands.

### Driving, the Friend.

Driving has brought about many welcome changes. It has done something to rid the moors of old and quarrelsome birds, and has given the others certain lessons in self-preservation that are put into action towards the end of September, or even earlier, if the weather be wild and rough. For then the grouse assemble in packs, and when approached by the beaters, they fly high and wild and learn to swerve as they approach the butts behind which many a sportsman waits for the chance that does not come. December the tenth is the legal limit of grouse-shooting, but

### The Goodly Promise.

In spite of the advocates of a Land Tax that is to result in turning our moorlands into cornfields and shooting-lodges into farmhouses, the red grouse, the solitary game-bird indigenous to these islands, is still in occupation of the heather, and the season promises to be a record one as soon as Jupiter Pluvius finds an engagement outside Great Britain. Birds wintered well and built and hatched out their young underfavourable conditions. The dreaded



GROUSE-SHOOTING IN FORFARSHIRE: THE EARL OF POWIS.

Lord Powis, the fourth holder of the title, which dates from 1804, is a D.L. and a County Councillor for Montgomeryshire, and Lord Lieutenant of Salop. In 1890 he married the Hon. Violet Ida Eveline Lane-Fox, who is Baroness Darcy de Knayth in her own right, daughter and co-heiress of the twelfth Baron Conyers.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]

long before that time the birds are far beyond the reach of the sportsman from the towns, even if he should have stayed in their haunts—which is most unlikely.

### Breakfast as Supper-Provider.

When the sportsmen have left the moors, the grouse frequently come down to the lower lands to feed on the farmer's oat "stooks." They are early risers, and as soon as daylight is about to dawn the old cocks crow, and the crowd sails gaily down to breakfast. If the farmer be a man of leisure and cunning, he spares an evening or two to make a rough butt of stooks, and he comes out to it a little earlier than the grouse. Then, while the birds are getting their breakfast, he secures his supper, the report of an unseen gun having less effect than might have been expected upon sleepy, hungry birds, in whose ears such sounds have been ringing for months past. There is something to be said for the grouse shot at the back-end of October, after a liberal dispensation of oats; in point of size and flavour, he compares very favourably with three or four-month-old birds that have not lived to see the corn ripen.

### Changes.

Not many years ago, before the advent of the motor-car and motor-van, it was possible to have too much red grouse in the Highlands. The miles from rail were an obstacle not lightly to be overcome. Today a motor-car makes a daily journey, a part of the grouse go to those to whom they

are a luxury, and the menu is a varied one enough.

### Strange in Death.

In life the grouse is no longer mysterious—the Report already mentioned has not left anything to learn about its habits—but in death the ways of the bonnie game-bird are passing strange. It may not be shot before daylight on the morning of the Twelfth, but by 10 a.m., it is on view in London shops, and is known as Derbyshire grouse. About

midday its numbers have increased, and it is a Yorkshire grouse, and by the evening it is as fine a Highland bird as ever flung a challenge to the rising sun. The Grouse Report has not solved this mystery, but I have a solution.

### Do They Fly Above London?

Grouse are very cunning birds, as anybody who has shot them, year after year, will testify. The best-informed among them must know that London empties all its sportsmen on to the moors on the Twelfth. So what do these daring grouse do? They make up parties and fly to the Metropolis about midnight or a little earlier on the eleventh, knowing well that they may find safety there, either in the "Zoo" or the public gardens of the London County Council. Flying by night, they are not seen, but in the early morning, when they reach the Metropolis, they plump into the telegraph-wires and are killed. In their own country the telegraph-wires have little discs of metal known as "grouse-protectors," to serve as a warning. London has none. The early milkman, going on his rounds, picks up these birds and carries them, as soon as his round is completed and he has had his breakfast, to the poulterer, who pays a good price. This is, probably, why one can buy grouse so early in London on the Twelfth. There are, of course, other theories.

S. L. B.



OF SIR POWLETT MILBANK'S HOUSE-PARTY AT BARNINGHAM PARK, BARNARD CASTLE: VISCOUNT GALWAY.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



GUNS AND LADIES: SIR POWLETT MILBANK'S HOUSE-PARTY AT LUNCHEON-TIME.

The photograph shows Captain de Winton, the Dowager Lady Guilford, Sir John Cotterell, Lady Milbank, Sir Powlett Milbank, Mrs. F. Milbank, Lord Galway, Mr. G. R. Lane Fox, and Mr. F. Milbank.

*Photograph by Sport and General.*



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A French Garden.** One of the "gardens which I love" is placed on the Normandy shore, with the bluish-green waters of the Channel washing the sands below, and a wonderful vision, at night-time, of the twinkling lights of Havre seen through quivering poplars, those lovely poplars so typical of France. This charming spectacle is seen from the front of the Louis XV. manor

to which the garden is, as it were, the trimming, the *parure*. At the back, there is a subtle arrangement of green lawns and shady *allées*, of long "classical" ponds on which float water-lilies, and in which an ancient trout or two glides slyly in and out of the shadows. Here are beds crammed to the last pin-point with gorgeously brilliant flowers: geraniums, begonias, and orange-tinted blossoms of which the name escapes me. There are roses, too, in profusion, and the general scheme of colouring is trumpet-like in its appeal to the emotions. Blue and mauve are not largely employed in French gardens; indeed, I understand these colours do not thrive there, and that even the blue hydrangea does not flourish like the pink. Therefore, Nature has arranged that the French garden should be triumphant in tone rather than pensive, as so many English gardens are, in the fashion of



FOR A GARDEN PARTY OR ON A SPA PROMENADE: A CAPTIVATING TYPE OF THE HOUR.

A small and becoming hat, covered in black silk, with a large cluster of black and white paradise plumes at the side.

to-day. Under a spreading chestnut are the basket chairs of Madame's guests, the wicker-table on which the after-luncheon coffee and liqueurs are placed. After dinner, we do not sit out in the garden. However sultry the night, according to French ideas, it would not be safe. There might be a *courant d'air* through the trees of the *allée* yonder; there might be dew. In fine, it is more hygienic to sit in the drawing-room. But you will live in this green pleasance from the time you have drunk your morning coffee till it is time to dress for dinner.

**Gay, but Dusty.** Unless you want to be smothered with the dust of a hundred motor-cars, you will not venture much outside the Manoir. For this is perhaps the most famous road of the whole "Emerald Coast." It leads from gay and worldly Trouville-Deauville to that quaint survival of the Middle Ages, Honfleur, and a procession of sumptuous motor-cars, from July to September, turn a once verdant countryside into ash-colour. Now and again you will have to foregather with sprightly Parisians, and still sprightlier Americans, at luncheons and dinners in villas along the coast. You will go to Trouville and take tea on the covered terrace at Topsy's, close to the Casino—a much more modish resort than that official meeting-place. You will certainly be invited to breakfast at the famous inn of Guillaume Le Conquérant at Dives; and in order to see its treasures, its thirteenth-century rooms and furniture, and to stare at the Paris actresses and other notorieties who haunt the pavilions in the garden, no one would grudge the dust-bath you must undergo to reach Cabourg. But these incidental junketings need not really disturb the placid life of the Manoir and its garden, in which

you will find all that is typical and harmonious in our French neighbours' existence.

#### Vie d'Intérieur.

For, although we reproach the French with having no word for Home, they have a very lively appreciation of the thing itself, and have certainly achieved a higher standard of family life than the individualistic Anglo-Saxon has been able to do. Their *vie d'intérieur* is almost sacred, a holy of holies into which the profane may not intrude. They must be related by marriage with foreigners, such as English or Americans, before they would dream of asking them to stay. As a rule, the French only invite their relatives to share their *villégiature*. Distant cousins, unknown uncles and aunts, however disagreeable, are all potentially eligible as guests, while I fear the Archangel Gabriel might knock at their wrought-iron gates in vain, seeing that he would not be that superior specimen, a relative. Grandmothers, sisters-in-law, cousins-german from distant provinces may look upon themselves as possible inhabitants of my Manoir, but it would be almost a scandal to invite the vague and little-known persons such as foregather in English country houses. Even the servants seem (and are) part of the family, and have their own ways of proceeding, ways which would be considered revolutionary and insubordinate on our side of the Channel. Soft words and much tact are requisite to make the wheels go smoothly in a French household, especially if Anglo-Saxon ideas about tubbing and tea have gained sway over the mistress of the house.

#### Monsieur Narcisse Sings.

When, from the vantage of a deck-chair, and behind the latest volume of "Jean Christophe," I perceive Narcisse the gardener, busy about his work, I am reminded of the difference between Republican France and still Feudal England. For, quite undisturbed by the fact of my presence a few yards away from his watering-cans, Monsieur Narcisse, the sunburnt young gardener, sings at the top of his voice. It is quite a good voice, and he knows how to use it, and obviously the act of singing heartens him in his work. And he does the business of three English, or four Scotch gardeners. He has but a loutish boy to help him, yet he keeps this lawn and these marvellous flower-beds the pride of the coast. His solicitude is incessant, and is always punctuated with airs from "Pagliacci" or "Louise." In the morning he erects a kind of hempen tent to shield his blazing begonias from a too ardent sun. Directly the lawn is shady, the tent is hurried away. His raking, and digging, and brushing up of rose-petals, are incessant. If you should peer out of your windows soon after dawn, I am sure you would find Narcisse assiduous with his standard roses. And fortunately, he does not serenade the sleeping inhabitants of the Manoir. But later in the day, Monsieur Narcisse, though perfectly *comme il faut*, would have you to know that he is a citizen quite as worthy of respect as yourself. And sitting in the garden which he makes beautiful, here in Republican France, I feel quite sure that he is.



FOR AN AFTERNOON WALK IN AUGUST: A CHIC HAT TO MATCH A PRETTY FACE.

Black velvet *béret*, trimmed with two rose-coloured ostrich-feathers.



IN MY LADY'S BOUDOIR: AN IDEAL AND BECOMING AFTERNOON DRESS.

An afternoon dress in fine white embroidered muslin, vest of tucked net, the belt and small bow at the throat of violet silk.

Photographs by Talbot.



## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.*

## THE WEEK.

THERE has been quite a fair volume of business during the last few days, and Stock Exchange members are, as a whole, very cheerful. With Consols well above 75, all gilt-edged stocks have improved, but Home Rails are in a hesitating mood despite the good traffics. Many people prefer waiting to see if the Government mean to keep faith with the Companies before joining in the buying. Mexican Rails have further improved, and, despite ups-and-downs, holders should stick to their stock. In Shipping and Diamond shares there has been quite a boomlet, but Kaffirs have sagged, because the public refuses to come in, and the professionals are tired.

## RUBBERS.

This Market has shown considerable strength during the week, and a lot of buying of good-class shares has gone on, so that prices have kept hard or moved up in almost all cases. The favourite shares have been those of the Companies whose production is on the increase and likely to be so for the next few years—companies such as Bukit Kajang, Batu Tiga, United Serdang, and the like, in all of which there is room for a further rise.

The Market likes the position disclosed by "Hecht's Annual Statistics," showing that for the year ending June 30, 1912, the world's production was 93,669 tons, while the total consumption was 99,564 tons. The total stocks are put at 10,181 tons, against 12,563 a year ago. Prices of the raw material have kept wonderfully firm; the average for last year (1911) was 5s. 3d. a pound; while for the first seven months of this year it was, according to Messrs. Gow, Wilson, and Stanton's figures, 4s. 11d., or a drop of only 4d. per pound, and fine hard Para to-day is quoted 5s. If this state of things lasts for any length of time—of which there seems every prospect—the Rubber Share Market must improve. Steady prices are healthy for both the manufacturer and the producer, while the "coming producer" companies cannot fail to do well.

## THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The news circulated at the beginning of this month that a new issue of Canadian Pacific stock was in contemplation was promptly denied in the most emphatic manner, but, despite this denial, it is now admitted that, at the meeting to be held at Montreal on Oct. 2 next, the capital is to be increased by the creation of 60,000,000 dols. of new Ordinary stock, and that the emission of this capital will be made as the requirements of the Company demand. The result of this is that Canadas have touched 290, and may yet go to our anticipated 300 this year.

As to the terms of the forthcoming issue, of course, nothing can be said with any certainty, and the course of the market during the next two months will have a great bearing on the subject. It is supposed that the new stock, or a portion of it, will be offered at such a price as to give existing holders a bonus of 10 per cent. on their old stock; but if the rise goes any further, it may well be that the bonus will exceed this figure. Everybody knows the objects to which the new capital will be put, as it was notorious that engagements were entered into towards the end of last year, entailing the spending of at least four millions sterling. A considerable part of the line is to be double-tracked, the steamers are to be increased, and large works undertaken to secure a water-supply to Regina and other towns by the diversion of the South Saskatchewan River. The capital expenditure will, no doubt, become quickly remunerative and increase the earning power of the Railway. How the gigantic grain crop of this fall is to be handled with the present limited facilities, is one of the problems which for the present is likely to tax the energies of every official of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Chinese bonds have again been bought, and it looks as if preparations were being made to float the long-talked-of new loan.

To see the market rate of discount for bills standing above Bank rate at this time of the year, is quite a curiosity.

It is said that the experiment of Kent Coal upon the South Eastern has been very successful, and several additional train-loads for the use of the Railway have been despatched within the last few days.

Gold in Wales is booming again. At the old Gwyn mines we hear good stone is being raised, and Mr. Pritchard Morgan informs us that from another mine he has just crushed five tons, yielding 26 oz. to the ton.

## THE ARGENTINE TOBACCO COMPANY.

The securities of this Company appear to us to be worthy of the consideration of our readers, both from an investment and from a speculative point of view. The Company was formed last year under the strong Erlanger auspices, as an amalgamation of twelve

of the largest tobacco-manufacturing businesses in the republic, and within the last month or two seven more firms have been added to the combine. The Company has a Debenture debt of £650,000, carrying interest at 6 per cent., and redeemable between Nov. 1 this year and the same date in 1918, at 105, by annual drawings. It has a share capital of 1,963,330 shares, divided into equal (money) amounts of 6 per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each, and Ordinary shares of 10s. each, with 1,669,840 Deferred shares of 1s. each. The Preference shares are entitled to a cumulative 6 per cent., and, after the Ordinary shares have received a like dividend, to 25 per cent. of the surplus profits. The Ordinary are entitled to 50 per cent. of the surplus, and the Deferred to 25 per cent.

The estimated profit for this year was £350,000, but we understand that the sales for the first six months exceeded the estimate. The interest on and amortisation of the Debentures will require £137,600, leaving £212,400 for administration and dividend, which would admit of over 9 per cent. on the Preference, and 12 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The Debentures can be bought at about 105, at which price they return 5½ per cent., we believe with great safety. The Preference shares stand at 23s. 9d. to 24s., and the Ordinary at about 11s. 6d. The whole of the Debentures will have disappeared in six years, and the Preference shares (after allowing all reasonable sums for reserves) should prove a sound 7 per cent. or 8 per cent. investment at present price. The Ordinary shares are, of course, more speculative, but not a bad purchase, with great and increasing possibilities, for those who will take a risk for a chance of a big return.

## BREWERY INVESTMENTS.

Last week we indicated some of the Brewery investment stocks which appeared to us to yield a fair return on money, and which in our opinion were more likely to improve in value than to show further depreciation. Since we wrote the Bass meeting has been held, and, according to the chairman's statement, of the total profits the Government, in taxation, obtains 75 per cent. and the shareholders the odd 25 per cent., and yet this small fraction is enough to secure the Preference shareholders their dividend and leave an ample margin of safety. It is more likely, we think, that legislation will lighten rather than increase this crushing burden, and it seems probable that breweries, which under such conditions can give a satisfactory return, are fairly safe in future to better their yield.

Among the Companies with which for want of space last week we were unable to deal we may mention *J. W. Cameron and Company*, of which Sir John Ellerman is chairman. This concern is well managed, and both issues of Debentures appear attractive. The 4½ per cent. at 90 (redeemable at £110), yield nearly 5 per cent., and the 3½ Perpetual Debentures, at just under 70, give a return of over that figure. The assets appear to cover both issues, and as good dividends are paid to the Ordinary shareholders, the 5½ per cent. Cumulative Preference shares at 8½ seem to offer reasonable security for people who are looking for over 6 per cent. *Mitchell and Butler* is another sound Company. The Debentures yield only £4 7s. 6d. per cent., but the £10 6 per cent. Preference shares are a good investment at about £11, secured as they are by a large surplus income, yielding 15 per cent. to the Ordinary shares. *Hall's Oxford Brewery* is another well-managed concern; the 4 per cent. Debentures, redeemable at £110, are well covered and at 79 give a return of over 5 per cent., while the Preference shares will yield more than 6 per cent., and we think may be bought with comparative safety.

Saturday, August 17, 1912.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

WORRY.—You have not complied with the rules by sending your name and address, not for publication, but as a pledge of good faith.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—We think the 5 per cent. Bonds of the International Railways of Central America are a reasonably good holding, but if you want a long-shot speculation, as we understand from your letter, the Ordinary shares at about 28 dollars per each 100-dollar share are worth your consideration.

C. F. J.—(1) Hold the Perak rubber shares; (2) The Bank is a weak one, and you had better get out; (3) Hold Village Deep until the Kaffir boom—if it ever comes—and then sell.

J. M. H.—It seems unwise to sell your Canadian shares with the practical certainty of a bumper harvest. We do not expect a slump in things Canadian as long as good harvests continue. You should hold your United of Havana Ordinary for the present, at any rate.

C. T.—We do not advise you to buy Cobalt Town Sites. We do not like the group, and the thing is puffed everywhere. It looks as if the insiders wanted to get out.

R. S. T.—Chersonese is a fair cheap Rubber share. The crop may be 250,000 lb., and you may expect a dividend of, probably, 10 per cent.

KAFFIR.—We think Brakpan a good mine and worth holding; also Knight's Deep and Wolhuter.

TELEPHONE.—The answer to your question depends on the result of the arbitration now going on, and it is quite impossible to anticipate what amount the Company will be awarded.

MIDDLETON.—The bonds are quite genuine, but the people you name ask too high a price. Write to N. Keizer and Co., 31, Threadneedle Street, who will quote you the proper market value.

JUMBO.—We do not like the crowd, and would not touch it.

## THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

### The British Growl.

Without a grievance we Britons would fail to know ourselves; there is, however, small fear of losing our identification so long as we have our climate: it is always to be depended upon to furnish the just cause of complaint. I am at present far North in Scotland, and the weather is better, according to all reports, by a great deal than it is in the South; still, it is blustery and showery, and the birds are wild; also it is too wet and windy for the full enjoyment of golf on the off-days, and so grievances are being freely aired. So far as this particular part of the world is concerned, we have had some perfect days, and we make the best of those not so perfect.

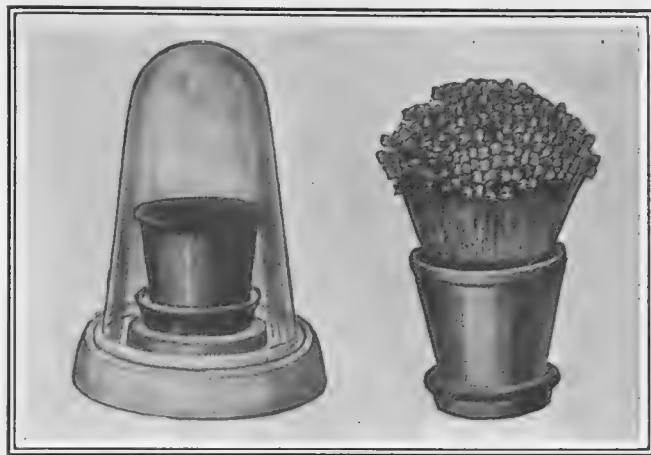
**The Birds and the Fish.** There is only one species of bird just now—grouse; we talk grouse, shoot grouse, eat grouse, in fact, live grouse. They are plentiful and in good condition. Owing to high winds and consequent wildness, the bags are sometimes indifferent. Although the anglers get a fair amount of trout, the salmon are, for some unknown reason, not getting up the rivers. Two ladies fishing the loch near here, the other day, got five fine

and there is plenty of accommodation, owing to the hotels having been added to and new ones built during the last year or two. The amusement committee has done good work for the place. There are fêtes in the park, dances, classical concerts, and two good bands, which play alternately every evening in the Kur-Park. Some visitors there on holiday intent—they are having treatment at the splendid radium mud-baths—spend their time very happily. The Kursaal and Kur-Park are visited every day by numbers of smart folk, many of whom are of prominent position in European and American society.

### Travellers' Joy.

Whatever the weather, railway carriages are always hot and stuffy. Journeys seem always long and wearisome, and reduce travellers to a condition of lassitude and nerviness that is far from pleasant. There is a little bottle that will change all that. It has a blue-and-white label with gilt lettering, and on it is prominently displayed the charmed numbers, 4711. It is the best Eau-de-Cologne in the world, and the finest restorative. A few drops from this magical bottle sprinkled on a handkerchief and passed over the brow, wrists, nostrils, and palms of the hands will give the wearied traveller a new outlook. There are many Eau-de-Colognes, but this one is to be depended upon for a distillation absolutely pure and genuine. It can be easily obtained, as it is kept by all dealers in high-class perfumes throughout the world.

**The Caddie Complaint.** There are no caddies to be had now over sixteen, because of the Insurance Act. Men asking for their favourite caddies, and hearing this reason for



THE START.

THE FINISH.

### A GROWING HOBBY: THE CLOCHE SYSTEM IN MINIATURE—PIXIE PLANTS.

The growing of pixie plants—a matter of forty-eight hours—is becoming quite a hobby. It is the cloche system in miniature; and each small pot and saucer is filled with specially treated seeds and "prepared soil for the rapid growth of the tiniest little plant in the world." Eight kinds of plants can be produced. A presentation box, which contains thirty pixies—each in its little carton and assorted in the eight kinds of plant which will be produced—together with four cloches (or glasses), wooden stands, water-cans, and all accessories necessary for growing four plants at a time, is sold for 5s.; while a cheaper set may be had for 2s., sample sets for 1s., and boxes of four pixies for 6d. The manufacturers are the Model Toy Company, Chalton Street, N.W.



ON DAILY DUTY IN SOUTH LONDON STREETS: A ZEBRA WHICH DRAWS A SMALL TRAP.



A FLYING BULLDOG: MR. MERRIAM, WITH HIS PASSENGERS, ON HIS BIPLANE, AT BROOKLANDS.

Photographs by Pictorial Press.

sea trout, all over 2½ lb., and twenty or thirty brown ones, weighing from ½ to 1½ lb.; they were out for two hours in the rain, which was so heavy that the boat had to be baled several times.

### A Hungarian Holiday.

Friends of mine who dislike all the Bads they have ever visited because they are so conventionally alike and so monotonous that they have come to look upon them as disagreeable necessities, write quite enthusiastically about Bad Pöstyén, in Hungary. They say there are 12,000 visitors,



CRYING FROM A BOAT ON THE SHORE.



LEAVING THE BOAT FOR THE TOWN.

NO LONGER ALLOWED TO CRY ON THE BEACH: MR. "CHOPPER" ANDERSON CIRCUMVENTING THE EARL OF RADNOR. The Earl of Radnor, who owns several miles of the foreshore, has forbidden Mr. "Chopper" Anderson, the town-crier of Folkestone, to cry his news on the beach. Hence Mr. Anderson's use of a boat and a megaphone.—[Photographs by L.N.A. and Illustrations Bureau.]

their absence, express themselves forcibly. At some clubs I hear that players have offered to pay insurance for one caddie to be sure of his services, but that committees are uncertain about the wisdom of

accepting such offers. Here in the North it means that there will be no caddies, save in school holidays, or very few. In the South it means a worse thing—starvation for many a man who kept the wolf from the door during unemployment in the winter by caddying at the well-known links near London and other big towns.



## THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

### TOWN CHILDREN AND COUNTRY AMUSEMENTS.

#### A Warning About the Accommodation.

We are all pleased to think that the little children of our slums should have a summer holiday in the country, and I suppose there are few of us who have not contributed their trifle to the funds that enable the holiday to be taken. If I proceed to grumble at the way in which a part of the work is carried out, it is in no captious spirit, but merely in the hope that those who are responsible for the administrative side may turn their attention to matters hitherto overlooked. In the first place, there is much overcrowding. At the best of times the country cottage is not overburdened with spare room, and when the housewife has added to her own olive-branches the small visitors from the towns, the result recalls the conditions of accommodation at Dotheboys Hall, as casually described by Mrs. Squeers when she was discussing the question of room for her lord and master's latest importations. It does not greatly matter, perhaps, under holiday conditions, but one has to remember that the cottage bedrooms are for the most part low-pitched and admit of very little ventilation; the general rule is to close windows and to keep them closed. Under those conditions one shudders to think of the results that may follow from the presence of a single consumptive child, or a child with even a tendency to phthisis. A certain measure of precaution is taken, but one cannot live long in the country without finding families in which consumption is hereditary, in which the children seem to thrive up to a certain age and then droop and die. Nor is the danger limited to the country children; it may come with those from the towns. One would be glad to know that the supervision is adequate.

#### How Those on the Spot Might Help More.

Another matter in connection with the country's young visitors concerns the leisured residents. They may, as I suggested before, have done something to help the cause; they might do still more, at small expense, to make the children's holiday more attractive. There is hardly a village in England that has not, within a few yards of its boundaries, a meadow or two suitable for games. The hay has been cut and carted by the time the youngsters arrive, and the after-feed on the meadows will not be worth thinking about until the first autumn rains come along. If some kind friend would provide a set of stumps, a couple of bats, and a cricket-ball,

and another would provide a Badminton net and shuttlecocks, what a good time the children would have. Again, if one of the local Scoutmasters, or even a competent Boy Scout, could set the games going and devise the simple rules that would avail to preserve the material lent, the result would be quite satisfactory.

#### What They Should be Told.

There are many shallow ponds on gravel soil and quiet stretches of shallow river that would make admirable bathing-places for the boys in hot weather, but the greater part of them are on private ground, where the lads would be trespassers. It should not be difficult to have these places put at their disposal during certain hours of the day, and this would add not a little to the delights of the holiday. Half the mischief that our boy visitors do—and it is not a negligible quantity by any means—is due to the fact that no organised interest is taken in them. They are left to themselves. Nobody tells them why they must not walk into the standing corn to gather poppies, or break down the branches of young trees to provide themselves with walking-sticks, or raid all the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood in pursuit of unripe pears, apples, and plums, with results that are bound to be painful, even if the trespassers escape detection. There has been something of an outcry against the town boys in this neighbourhood on account of their unending pursuit of unripe fruit. Those of us who have orchards are generally provided with gates and dogs, and have somebody at work throughout the day, and I notice that the small town boy has a wholesome fear of dogs, even though they be small and on a chain. The poor cottager, on the other hand, seldom has a dog; he is at work on the land, his wife is busy in the house, and the lad who has a fair measure of town cunning seldom fails to find the hour most suitable to his designs, with the result that the loss falls upon those who can least afford to endure it. I cannot help thinking that the mischief done is due largely to lack of organised games.

#### Co-operation of Country Friends Wanted.

The summer holiday for town children is in its infancy, and, naturally enough, the organisers have not yet had the chance of developing it to the best advantage. The idea is so good and the advantages are so many that it seems reasonable to point out existing defects, and to suggest how some of them may be removed. The co-operation of those who live leisured lives in the districts to which the children come is of the first importance, and if these people are approached by the organisers of the work it is impossible to believe that the appeal will be made in vain.

MARK OVER.

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## CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Grouse Shooting; "Losing Pounds and £'s at Marienbad"; Swallows Nesting in a Chandelier; "The Glad Eye and the Glad Cry"—Sea Studies; "Once Aboard the Lugger—!" "The Seaside-Long Glance!" "Hunting at Force"; Mlle. Gaby Deslys at the Palace; Miss Isadora Duncan; the Fallen Eagle; the Point of View.

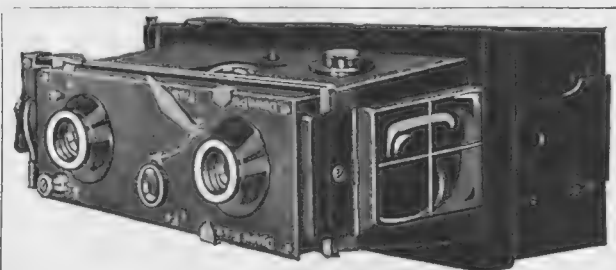
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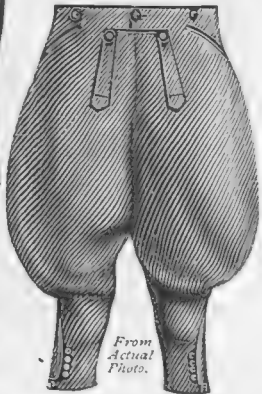
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## A POPULAR AUTHORESS



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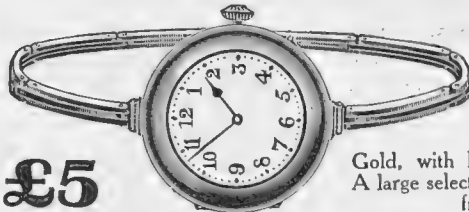


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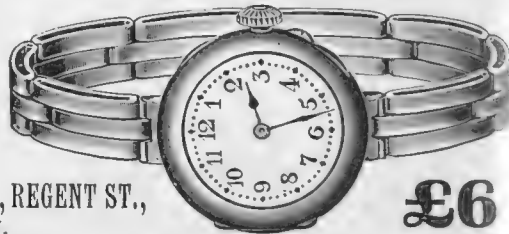
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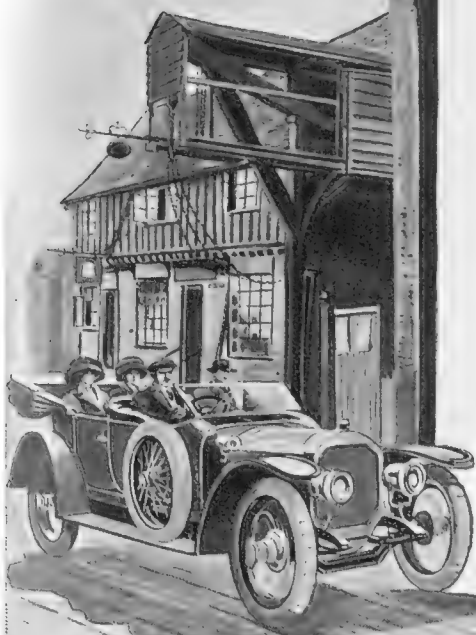
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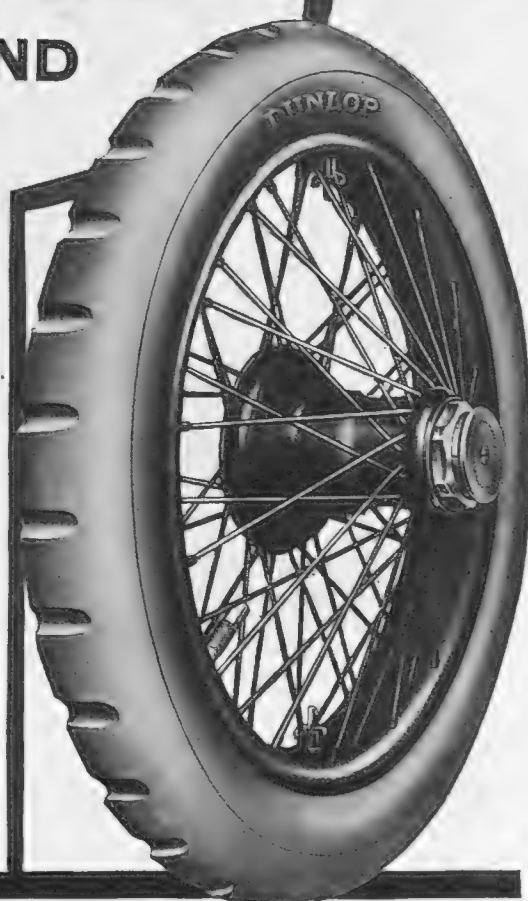
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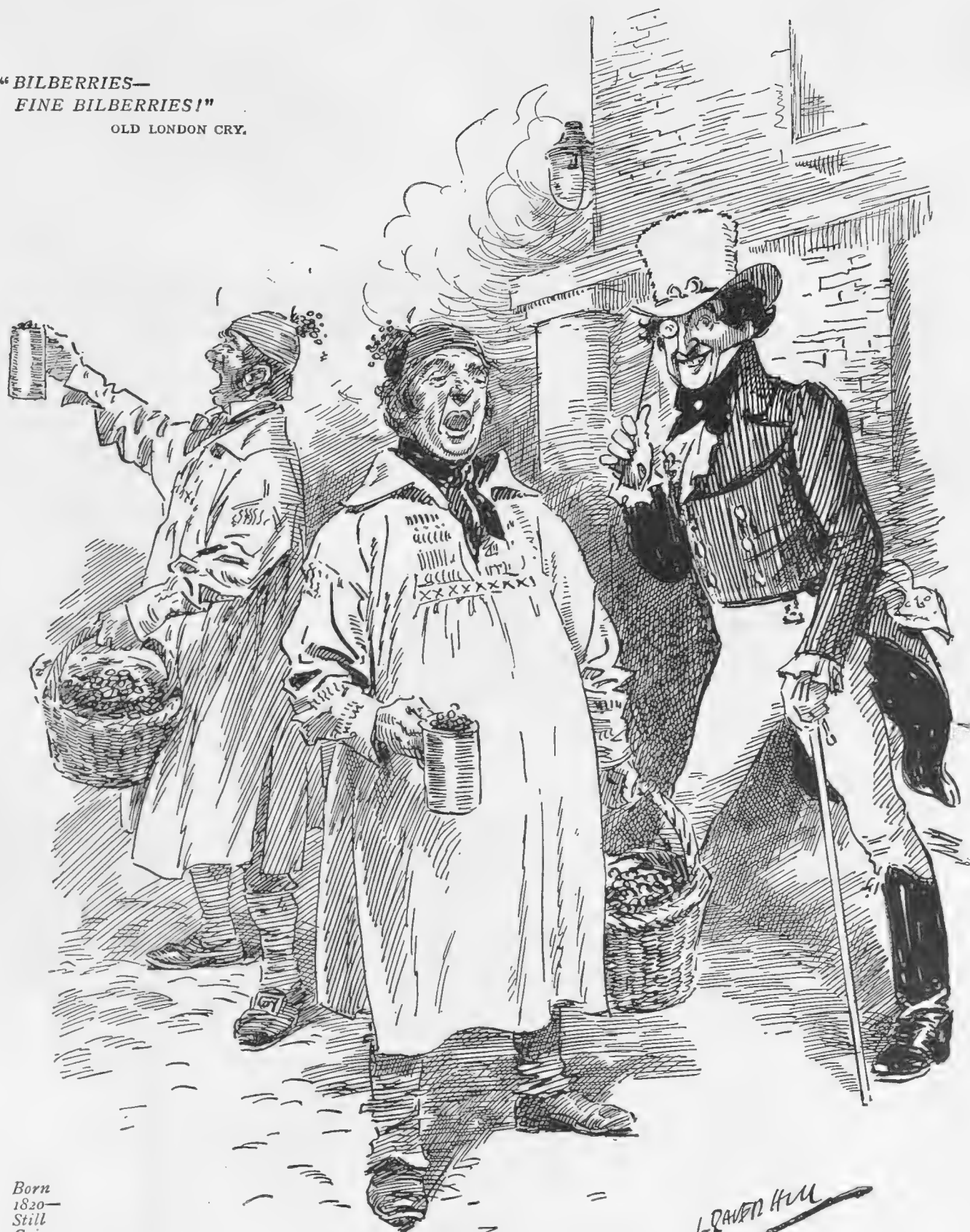






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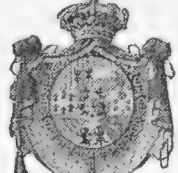
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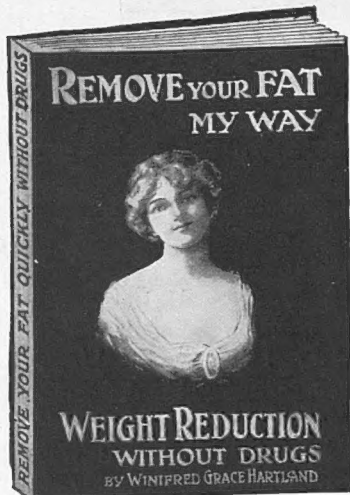
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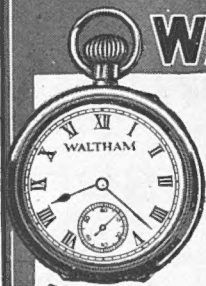
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The Medical Officer of Health for the City of London in his Report for 1910, page 37, remarks:—

"That a large proportion of milk goes into consumption in London that is capable of producing disease in the consumer, in some cases even tuberculosis, and that a still larger quantity is polluted with dirt."

Another eminent medical authority states:—

"It cannot be too clearly understood that sterilization does not make bad milk good nor dirty milk clean."

The 'ALLENBURYS' FOODS are practically identical with healthy human milk, absolutely free from harmful germs, and represent the most successful method of Infant Feeding.

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Summer complexions will be soft, clear, smooth, and free from unpleasant flushing if treated daily with a little non-greasy *Icilma Cream*. The cool, comfortable feeling of cleanliness imparted by this exquisite cream cannot be produced by any other preparation, for it is entirely due to the stimulating action of *Icilma Natural Water*, the magical skin-tonic from the spring in Algeria. *Icilma Cream* not only removes tan, roughness, redness, summer freckles, and all ill-effects of exposure, but will prevent them. It speedily cures insect-bites, cannot grow hair, and leaves no trace on the skin except enhanced beauty.

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## TWO INTERESTING LETTERS.

We have just received two very interesting letters. The first is from Dame Crane, who says—

DEAR SIR,—My attention having been called to a remark of a contributor of yours, under the heading of "Lights o' London," in your issue of Aug. 7 (which, being out of England, I have only now seen), will you allow me to point out that, my husband being a Commendatore of the Royal Crown of Italy, as well as Cavaliere of S.S. Maurizio Lazzaro, and this being at least equivalent to an English knighthood, it is no mere freak or caprice that I should be called *Dame*. I should be much obliged if you will insert this correction in your next issue. I enclose my card.

Yours faithfully, MARY FRANCES CRANE.

The second is from Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, and reads—  
To the Editor of *The Sketch*.

As in your issue of Aug. 7 you refer to my white top hat, you might as well have the correct story. It is not a silk hat. It is made of white beaver felt, and because only the belly of the beaver is white, twenty or more skins were required to make such a hat. I bought it about forty years ago for £3 3s. I had almost forgotten that I possessed it when King Edward, having won the Derby, wore a "white beaver top hat." Accordingly, everybody wanted a white beaver felt (not combed) top hat. Lincoln and Bennett without seeing it offered me £10 10s. for mine—their own price being about £30. I wore it for the last time in the Ascot Royal enclosure in 1911, and the next day I sent it to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and they were very glad to possess such a fine example of the best white beaver felt. I have heard since that the hatting trade are also glad that they can see in the Museum what the finest hair felt looks like. I write this that if any of your readers should possess anything of value that has become almost a "fossil," they should send such to some public museum, where it may remain permanently as

an example of some art that may possibly have ceased to exist. I do not suppose that it would be possible, at any price, now to reproduce a white beaver felt top hat. Yours, etc., EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE, Bt.

At her marriage the mother of the Astor baby was duly warned. The words of a distinguished American woman at the time make curious reading to-day: "I suppose that society will congratulate Miss Force on her marriage to one of the richest men in the world. She is very young and dazzled with what her beauty has done for her. There is nothing in the world that will not be hers—except happiness. . . . The social world will crowd to the show, the girl will be congratulated by people who will get together and predict the worst for her future, and laugh and wink for her future when all is over. But there are others who only feel the pity of it, and I am one of those." The sinking of the *Titanic* shut the mouths of the critics with a snap. If Colonel Astor had lived, the baby would have grown up to discover the winking, the laughing, and the rest. Instead he will know only that his father died well, and was engaged in the service of others during his last hour.

Motorists will find the Perrier motor-map of England and Wales, just brought out by the well-known Perrier Water firm, remarkably useful and convenient on the road. The map is issued in thirteen separate sections, each section on a card of handy size, and all enclosed in a neat and compact case, fitted with a talc front, so that any map wanted can be kept under the eye of the motorist as long as required. The scale is eight miles to the inch, and main and other roads are clearly marked in red, with distances between towns and also from London indicated, and the county boundaries shown. The maps may be obtained, at six shillings each, from Messrs. Perrier, Ltd., 45, Wigmore Street, London, W.

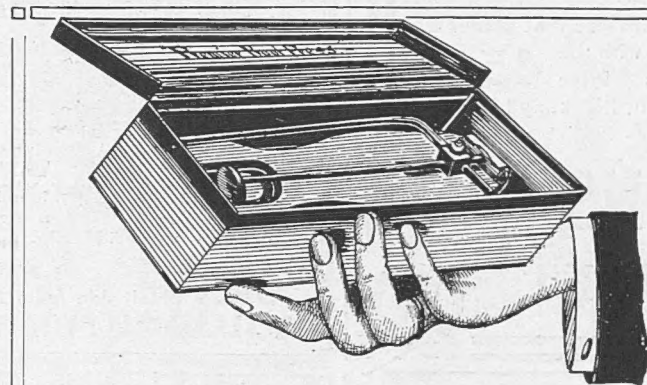
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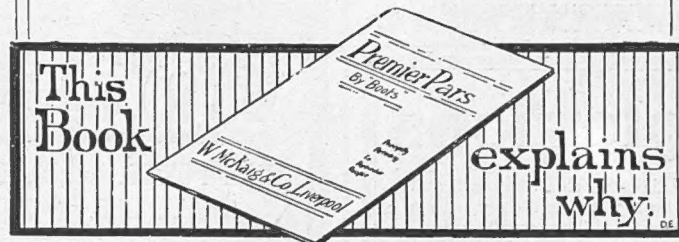
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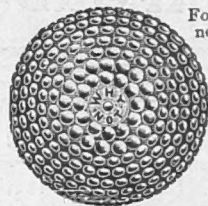
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August 21, 1912.

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